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SEEREITER. DEERY. ESTEPHE. GOLDTHWAIT. PHELAN. FOX. TIEMAN. FOLEY. KAVANAGH.

NINE LEADING BILLIARD PLAYERS OF AMERICA.

THE DYING YANKEE.

A Homely Ballad of a Worthy Man.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'll tell how Hiram Parker to the hospital we bore,
he dreadful battle ended, and the work of death was o'er—
ll his leg had shattered, just as the day was won,
stood the pain and anguish like old Nathan Parker's son.
he says, "my mutton's cooking, but I'll bear it like a man,
ick and write to father, or my sister Sally Ann.

ll I have no mother—she's been dead for many years—
ll cling to her blessing, for it quells my doubts and fears;
l always loved her dearly, I may have caused her pain
mack'reled out of Nahant, or lumbered it in Maine.
a bird of passage—but my heart seems growing cold—
raw the bandage tighter, for my story must be told.

ou was my pardy whaling, and one day you saved my life,
you love my sister, who will make an honest wife;
ot over handsome, nor much favored with the tin,
ump at pies and doughnuts, and knows how to knit and
in.
is cruel war is over, it will work just like a charm
arry her, and settle down upon the homestead farm.

is too old for mowing, and his sight begins to fail,
are strong and lusty, at the cradle or the flail:
keep the pot a boiling, and not go it lickty-split,
n Sal and you are married, keep a taut rein on the bit;
son should bless you—Jack, I'm very faint and dry—
rget your soldier-comrade, name the little youngster Hy.

y father my best wishes, say I acted well my part,
I fear the blow, old pardy, will nearly break his heart;
u see Sin. Tucker, at any early day,
he six and ninepence that I owed him since last May.
n as gaul-darnation, for he won it playing bragg,
night forgive a fellow, who was fighting for the flag.

ore the letter closes—there's the first tear I have shed—
ove to Nancy Peters, who keeps school at Marblehead;
y word I cherished 'till I filled a soldier's grave—
we went a whaling, she and I a promise gave.
k, my task is over, I for Kingdom Come am booked;
our glorious Union—poor Hy Parker's mutton's cooked."

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

venging Track of the Escaped Convict.

ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER I.

THE RACES—THE THREE TRAVELERS—LEFT TO THE WORLD.

'' were over at Farborough, and life was be-
to drop away from the town.
ed some fifty miles from London, and surrounded
ndid downs—it was a pretty and picturesque place
yet, except twice in the year, it was little fre-
by strangers; and its streets, its shops, and its
ns partook more of the character of those usu-
in tiny country hamlets, than of those pertain-
large market town.
g the week preceding the evening on which our
pens, it was bustle and activity within and with-
borough. Every inn in the place was crowded;
h visitors from London, some with the better
strollers, the poorer among whom were glad to
ge in barns, outhouses, and stables, anywhere
e dews of heaven were screened from them by
ering, however slight.
all was over.
s were lost and won; betting men and amateurs
ponder over their ruin or their fortune; and
waxwork exhibitions, Punch and Judy men,
layers, and dog-fanciers, was rapidly ebbing
ds the next centre of gaiety. A few still lin-
re and there a man with performing dogs or
gies loitered in the streets, to pick up as it
crumbs which had been left from the great feast, and outside on the great road and in the woodlet near at hand there still lurked a few gipsy tents. But these last efforts were like the last piece at a theatre, which sickens the actors and dissatisfies the audience.

To make Farborough seem more uninviting, and to produce a still greater and more lamentable contrast between to-day and yesterday, it has been raining for hours, a steady, fine rain, which soaked through to the skin.

Along the road from London a man and woman had been hurrying all day, paying no heed to the weather, and scarcely stopping to take refreshment. By their side trotted a little girl, of some five or six years of age, who seemed to accord even less attention than they did to the adverse climate and the ruggedness of the highway.

The woman, as far as you could judge of her in her drenched and ragged state, was about five-and-twenty; her face was pale, wan, and careworn, though her form was somewhat robust, as well as gracefully moulded, and her white hands indicated that work had never claimed her as its victim.

The man who accompanied her was somewhat older than herself, and of a different type of mind as well as of person. He was tall, and strongly built, with long dark hair hanging over his shoulders, small, keen eyes, and a mouth indicative less of firmness than of obstinacy. He was either laboring under the influence of intense sorrow or fierce anger at the moment we introduce him to our readers, for his brow was contracted, his lips set, and he had uttered no sound for hours.

"We shall never reach the town!" he cried, at length, petulantly. "I knew it would be thus! I knew you desired me to be overtaken, that you might be rid of me for ever!"

These words, implying more than the simple syllables expressed, appeared to rend the woman's heart. She gazed up into his face imploringly for a moment, and then, as if suddenly abandoning her resolution to plead with him, she said, "Do not despair, dear Mark, we shall soon be there. See the houses yonder! The town cannot be far distant."

They were still in the open country, but the cottages were becoming more frequent and more closely built. Then they passed the last farm, with its cows and horses standing dreamily beneath the trees to shelter themselves from the rain, and the pigs wallowing in the dirt and giving vent to their delight in monotonous gruntings. Then came a large church—then an inn—and then again there was a pause, as if the builders had doubted where the town should really commence.

Between this inn and the High street at Farborough lay about half a mile of road, skirted on one side by meadow land, and on the other a thickly-wooded heath—for it could not properly be termed a wood. The trees came down to the very edge of the pathway, and through this, on bright sunny days, was a nearer and pleasanter road to the town. Here, on a rude seat by the roadside, where a temporary shelter could be obtained from the rain, the man sat down sullenly, and the woman joined him; while the child, caring little for the weather, and knowing less of what engrossed their thoughts, wandered among the trees near at hand.

"Why do you stop here, Mark?" asked the woman, in a tremulous voice. "If you were too tired to go on, why did you not rest at the inn we have but just passed?"

The man muttered an oath.

"I'm going to let you have your own way, Nebe," he said, morosely. "I'll stop here till they overtake us, and then you'll be relieved of me altogether."

The woman laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Tell me, Mark," she murmured, "tell me what ails you to-day? Why do you speak thus cruelly to me, when I have walked fifty miles with you through rain and storm, with scarcely a rest between our journies, to aid you in escaping the consequences of your own folly! Tell me what I have done to deserve your anger?"

The man glanced round, and seeing the child was not near them, but was stooping down to gather some wild flowers which were nestling from the rain beneath a tree, he leaned forward, and said, in softer tones, "Did I not wish to reach Farborough during race week? Was it not a necessity—was it not life itself—for me to do this simple thing! What has prevented me?"

"Yes—what indeed?"

The man eyed her fiercely once more.

"You have prevented me!" he cried, "you!—because you have fixed your heart upon that child, and you have sacrificed me. Have you not dragged her with you through this long, weary journey? have you not toiled and fretted through this desperate wandering, when you might have gone on rapidly, and with hope in your breast, if she had been left behind? Now I dread every step, and start at every shadow; and I would sooner have done with it at once. Let them take me, if you will,—but with that child I go no further."

The man's voice was hard and determined. She knew it was useless to combat his will when he spoke thus; yet she ventured to say, "And what can we do with her? Can we leave her in the road to die?"

"Die! Just heavens! your words would make an angel desperate. Are we taking her to luxury? or are we taking her from it? Are we able to promise her anything in the future beyond a slow but certain starvation, and a death in a cold barn? Is she better with us than playing there, where she will be found by the good Samaritan who has, through all my life, avoided me."

There was a bitter mockery in the man's voice which made Nebe tremble.

"Any one would think that the girl was your own," he cried, "to see the tears in your eyes, and the trembling in your form. Either leave the child here, or prepare to see me to-night in the hands of those I hate, and who are pursuing me to my ruin. Come"—he added in a gentle tone—"come!"

The woman glanced at him in terror for a moment; and then muttered to herself:

"They cannot be far off now; they must be within a few miles of us," she said. "He is right; the child must be left."

She rose and approached the little girl, who glanced at her with a smile.

"Alice, darling," she says, "wait here a few moments while I and Mark go to the town and fetch something to eat. We shall not be long."

The little girl looked wistfully after her.

"Why must I not come too?" she asked.

"Because it still rains, and it is some distance to Farborough. You can rest here."

"Don't go away and leave me, Nebe," said the little girl, plaintively.

"Leave you, dear one!" whispered the woman, as she kissed her eagerly. "No, no; we will soon be back, soon be back."

And she hurried away after Mark, who had already started. Meanwhile, Alice sat down on the bench with her wild flowers, wondering why Nebe had kissed her at parting, and why too she had wept so bitterly.

Their forms had scarcely disappeared in the twilight, when a man stepped from out the trees close by the bench, and after looking up and down the road, approached the child. He was a tall, sinewy-built man, dressed in the picturesque and somewhat grotesque garb of the gipsies. His appearance, however, seemed to belie his costume; his hands and his face, too, were but little bronzed, and his hair, long, curly, and abundant, was of a golden auburn tint. He sat down by the child on the bench, and smiled gently upon her. This great rudely attired man would certainly have alarmed her had he not spoken; but when he spoke, his voice, rich, low, and melodious, at once won her heart.

"And so they've gone away and left you, little Alice!" he said, familiarly, as if he had known her all her life.

"They're coming back presently," answered the child, glancing up at him half inquiringly, half deprecatingly.

"No, no, my little one, they are not," he said, kindly; "they've left you here by yourself, and they are not coming back. Never mind, my child, there are others in the world who will love you; and some, perhaps, whose hearts are breaking for you now."

The little girl did not understand one-half he said; but she understood well enough that she had been deserted. Somehow or another she did not feel inclined to cry. Her little heart throbbed and ached as it were with terror, and looking up into the kindly blue eyes of the strange gipsy, she placed her hand in his.

"Let us go after them," she said.

"No, no," he cried, "that will be of no use. I heard all they said; they do not want you, and would be unkind to you were you to follow them. Come with me; perhaps some day I may find your friends."

The girl smiled.

"That is what Mark always said," she cried, as she walked away through the wood with her new protector.

In the deepening shadows of the gathering night, more dense and gloomy than elsewhere, in that wood-encircled glen, the gipsies had pitched their tents; and as Rose and her friend approached they could see twinkling through the trees the bright fires, and hear the voices of men and women borne on the evening breeze. The man who accompanied this little child, and had assumed the grave relationship of guardian after but a few moments' reflection, seemed to be some one of consequence among the tribe; for the songs ceased, and the talking became less loud, as he entered the throng and sat down.

"Whom have we here?" cried an old crone, who was busily engaged preparing some kind of savory stew in an iron cauldron, suspended by three sticks over a blazing fire.

The gipsy eyed her somewhat sternly.

"I do not know, therefore I can answer no questions, mother," he replied. "She is cold, wet, and hungry; let her have some supper."

Beneath the shelter of some canvass rudely cast from branch to branch, twelve gipsies, men and women, crouched, a motley, wild group, which at first surprised and terrified the new comer; but which, after a short time, became familiar to her, as anything would become familiar to a child who had just eaten a hearty meal after a long and painful fast.

About half-past eight o'clock Alice lay quietly sleeping within one of the tents; and the young gipsy, without a word to any one, rose from his seat by the fire, and made his way towards the town.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE WHO FOLLOWED—THE MISSING CHILD—THE WHITE GIPSY.

About six o'clock that evening, two persons were seated in a drawing-room at the "Albion Hotel," Muckledon, a town which lay about ten miles from Farborough on the London road. The one was a gentleman of some forty-five years, a fine, noble-looking man, with a benevolent and aristocratic cast of features, and hair slightly tinged with grey. The lady, who sat opposite to him, and who was playing with a tiny dog, was perhaps three-and-twenty. She was very beautiful, with a slight figure, an oval, pale face, and golden hair, which clustered round it in rich waves. Her eyes were large and bright, her nose small and finely chiselled, her mouth petite and rosy. Her hands, small and plump, lay luxuriously upon her lap, calmly and cosily, as if no agitation was within that fair and graceful form.

On the table were two decanters of wine, and the remains of a dessert; but neither of the personages of whom we have spoken seemed to pay any attention to it.

"When you have quite rested, my dear," said the elderly gentleman, kindly, "we will go on. I become alarmed at this long and useless chase."

He was looking at the fire as he spoke, and could not see the smile which passed over his wife's features as she listened. The smile, whatever was its cause, passed away in a moment; and with a look of deep concern, she flung the dog hastily from her lap, and knelt by his side.

"My dear, kind husband," she said, looking up into his face, "I grieve to see you thus agitated. We will go on at once if you wish it; though, as they are wandering on foot, and we are travelling with our carriage, we should catch them even if we remained here till morning."

Her husband smoothed her golden tresses and kissed her brow.

"Wandering—wandering on foot," he said; "that is the very thought which terrifies me. Even if no harm comes to the child, they may follow out-of-the-way paths and bye-lanes, where we may lose every clue to their whereabouts."

The young wife rose in haste, either to display her eagerness to please him, or to hide some transient emotion.

"Ring, dear!" she said, caressing his head. "Ring, and tell them to get the carriage ready, and I will be with you in a moment."

She then passed out of the room, and into her bedchamber, where a young girl, dressed with the plain neatness peculiar to lady's-maids, stood gazing out of the window. She started as her mistress entered, and looked around. Her rosy face and dark hair contrasted strangely with the bright golden hair and somewhat pallid complexion of Lady Carew.

"Have you any message for me?" cried the latter, in a hushed, eager tone.

The girl gave her a slip of paper. Lady Carew read it anxiously, and the color came and went upon her face as she did so.

Suddenly, she glanced up at the servant.

"You have read this?" she said, quickly.

"I have, madam," replied the lady's-maid, whose face was averted.

"You know all my secrets, Florette," said Lady Carew, while a strange light illuminated her eyes, and her bosom heaved convulsively. "Take care you guard this one well."

Florette did not answer; but busied herself with preparing her mistress for the journey. The lady was still pondering over the slip of paper, when Sir Mordaunt Carew knocked and entered. He smiled on seeing the paper, which his wife crushed in her hand.

"Has some friend found us out, even here?" he asked.

She smiled sweetly.

"No," she said; "it is only a fragment of an old letter, which recalls foolish days. I am quite ready."

Sir Mordaunt gave her his arm, and they descended the stairs.

"I am very sorry we had to stop so long," he murmured, as their carriage was once more on its way.

"It is a pity," said Lady Carew, languidly; "but I real-

ly could not have borne further fatigue without some rest. Even now, I feel very ill."

"Poor Constance!" replied Sir Mordaunt, caressing her fondly; "it was a pity that you came with me."

After this there was a silence. Lady Carew appeared to relapse into a slumber, while Sir Mordaunt sat up, glancing to the right and the left, and in the dim uncertain light scrutinizing the face of every traveler. And so they passed along the road which the child's weary feet had trodden an hour before, whirled by the gipsies' encampment, where she sat quietly eating her evening meal with her new friends, and dashed into the High Street at Farborough.

At the first inn they pulled up, and Sir Mordaunt Carew alighted. Lady Constance sat in her carriage, and listened eagerly. The ostler came out.

"Put up the horses, sir?"

"No, no," cried the Baronet, placing a crown in the man's hand; "I wish you to answer me some questions. I am seeking a person whom I believe to have passed along this road."

"Yes, sir."

"He is a tall, well-built fellow, dressed in an uncouth style, and has with him a woman and a child."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen them?"

"Yes, sir; I've seen the man and the woman—at least, so I think, by your description, sir."

"But the child—the child—what of her?" asked the Baronet, eagerly.

"I didn't see a child, sir; leastwise, it was dark, and it might be a little one that I couldn't see. They sat out here and had some beer and a biscuit between 'em, and then they walked off like mad, and were gone in a moment."

"And you saw no child?"

"No, sir."

Lady Carew leaned out of the carriage window.

"We are losing time, Sir Mordaunt," she said; "these people are clearly not those we seek."

"I fear not," murmured the Baronet, in a voice which proved how loath he was to lose this faint clue to hope. "And you are quite sure they carried no child away with them?"

"Quite sure, sir,"

"This is conclusive, Mordaunt," said Lady Constance, somewhat coldly. "The child is five years old, and must have been seen had she been here."

Her hands were working nervously as she spoke; her face, her very lips, were pale with emotion.

"What are we to do?" inquired the Baronet, disconsolately.

"I think we had better return, and trust to others, my dear husband," said Lady Carew, gently. "Your health will suffer for all this anxiety and trouble, indeed it will."

"I do not like so easily to abandon the search," said the Baronet, as if to himself.

"Leastwise, they cannot have gone far," cried the ostler. "They ain't been gone long, not more than half an hour. They took the main road."

"Drive on!" said Sir Mordaunt to the coachman, as he re-entered the carriage. "Drive on as quickly as you can."

Lady Carew sank back in her seat, and pretended to sleep. If her desire was that her husband should be unsuccessful in his pursuit, and if her anxiety was produced by the faint glimmer of hope now offered to him, she might, by a little thought, have spared herself much perplexity and agitation.

The night was dark and gloomy, and though the rain had now ceased to descend, heavy clouds still obscured the heavens. The town itself was dismal enough, and out in the country it was as black as pitch. Mark and Nebe, notwithstanding, had forsaken the high road about a mile from Farborough, and were at that very moment making their way, through dirt and darkness, across country.

A good piece of mystery is a blessing in any society, more especially in a country town; and, as soon as the carriage had rolled out of the court-yard, the Baronet and his lady were introduced by the ostler into the conversation of the public room, and various were the opinions exchanged on the s[ubject] ... on th[e] ... ing, were represented the remnan[ts] ... g of the last few days. A few d[ays] ... and bells, lay lazily in a corner; ... asleep, were there, dressed in spangled ... ing in their sleep a pair of stilts; a miniature ... ly ... up one window, and several rough-look[ing] ... osed in various groups. About half an ho[ur] ... arture of Sir Mordaunt and Lady Carew, ... flung open, and the gipsy who had befriend[ed] ... entered.

"Ah, the White Gipsy!" cried Pegr[am] ... h and Judy man. "Why, Bamfylde, my boy, ... had given us all the slip, and was going to ... n before us?"

Bamfylde smiled.

"No," he answered. "We start to-m[orrow] ... see we shall not be quite alone either, since all o[ur] ... re have remained behind for the wet weather. W[e] ... mber one more, for we've picked up a little one to-night."

The men looked from one to another; and Job, the ostler, smiled wisely.

"What do you mean?" said the g[ipsy], somewhat testily. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Well," said Job, who ... general conse[nt], seemed to be chosen as spokesman, "there ... gentleman and lady here to-night after a child; ... it's the same."

"Did they give no name?" ... mfylde, who now seemed to draw back and reserve ... confidence he had intended to make.

"Well, I think I heard the coachman say, Carew," replied the ostler; "I know the lady said Sir Mordaunt."

The gipsy's face grew deadly pale as the man spoke; and ... as if sway[ed] by some sudden impulse, he sprang up and left the room.

"Better as it is," he muttered, as he strode down the ... towards the gipsies' tents. "Anywhere—anywhere better than in their hands."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN BOSTON.—The annual meeting of the Boston Cricket Club took place on the evening of the 5th inst., the President, S. Frank Crockett, of the Bromfield House, in the chair. In addition to other business, and a hopeful canvass of the coming season, during which they expect to have another of those friendly bouts with the New York Club, the officers for 1864 were elected, the choice being as follows: President, S. Frank Crockett; Vice President, Wm. Lamb; Secretary, W. H. Davis; Treasurer, A. J. Mercer; Business Committee, J. D. Reed, Wm. Kilner, W. H. Joslin and R. G. Perry. We are pleased to learn that they have added a large number of new members to their playing and paying lists, and that the club is in a most prosperous condition. We congratulate their worthy President, Mr. Crockett, on his re-election to so honorable an office; and we are of the opinion that the choice of the club could not be improved on, for he is emphatically one of those who can take the chair in a meeting, a wicket in the field, pilot a friend and "can keep a hotel."

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—The annual meeting of the New York Cricket Club took place on Wednesday evening, 6th inst., at the House of Lords, corner of Crosby and Houston streets. The principal business transacted was the election of officers for the current year, when Messrs. Wm. McCutcheon was elected President; Thos. Maddock, Vice President; James Higham, Treasurer; Chas. Tyler, Secretary; and Wm. Hall, Corresponding Secretary. The Ground and Match Committees are Messrs. Higham, Sharp, Hudson, Tyler, Maddock and Hall. The old professional bowler, Wm. Crossly, was re-engaged for the season. The Treasurer's balance sheet showed the financial condition of the club to be in a flourishing state, and a number of new members were elected. Owing to the destruction of the old cricket ground of the club at Hoboken, they have been obliged to change their location, and in conjunction with the Willow Club have rented the old ground of the Long Island Club at Bedford, L. I.

THE DORCHESTER CRICKET CLUB, of Dorchester, Mass., held its 8th annual meeting on the 2d inst., when the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, G. T. Andrew; Vice President, Walter Lockett; Secretary, Wm. H. Sayward; Treasurer, Coolidge Barnard; Business Committee—C. Barnard, G. T. Andrew, Fred Beck.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

To Correspondents.

READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Johnny Mackey's first fight in America was with Johnny Roberts, on June 24, 1856, for $200, 30 rounds, 47 minutes, won by Mackey. Previous to this he was matched with Bill Blackwood for $500 a side—they went to Canada, were driven off by the police, and as Blackwood refused to fight in the United States, the match ended in a draw. On the 7th of September, 1858, Jack Nelson and Mackey fought 8 rounds at Walpole Island, when Nelson asserted that he had been bitten or kicked by some of Mackey's friends—it ended in each man drawing his money. Mackey's fighting weight is 160 lbs. He has figured as a second in many important prize fights in this country.

"974," St. Louis, Mo.—"A and B play at cribbage, the best three games in 5, for a stake. A wins the 1st game, B the 2d and 3d. A wins the 4th game, scoring game before B has scored 30 holes. A claims that he has won the rubber, the last game being a double, while B contends that the 5th game must be played before the stake can be claimed by either. Which is right?".....A's claim is simply ridiculous, and B's claim that the fifth game must be played, is correct.

INCREDULITY.—You lose most emphatically, as we, individually and collectively, sent to the editor of *Bell's Life* in London a draft for £50, payable at the banking house of Abraham Bell's Sons, Tooley street, for and on behalf of Joe Coburn, to bind the match with Jem Mace, just two weeks ago, authorising the editor aforesaid to name a place for the men or their representatives to sign articles on the 31st of May. In a week or ten days we expect Jem Mace's reply and acceptation of Coburn's terms.

QUARER MASTER, Frederick City, Md.—"In playing the game of twenty-one, is it not proper to make your bets after the first card is dealt by the banker? For instance, I am the banker, and A, B, and C are playing against me. I deal one card round, and then say 'gents make your bets?'".....Bets must be made after one card each is dealt round, although if any player has a card dealt him on the second round of the same value as his first, he can split them and go on each the amount he went on the first card.

FRANK, Harrisburg.—1. The lady is not before the public at present. She is living in retirement in a small town in Massachusetts. 2. See our dramatic summary for the whereabouts of Julia Dean Hayne. 3. Eliza Logan is married to Mr. George Wood, the Western Manager, and has retired from the stage. 4. At last advices Jean Davenport was attending our sick soldiers in and about Washington. 5. Emma Stanley is in England.

W. A. L., Blockading Squadron, off Mobile.—1. John C. Heenan was the loser in his fight with Tom King. 2. The ring was not kept as it should have been, and Heenan was more or less interfered with. 3. It was so considered, but there was little stand up fighting about it, John's game being to wrestle; owing to the drugging or dosing, or whatever else it was, he "couldn't fight even a little bit," as he himself acknowledged.

CHESTER, Cincinnati.—In the turn up between Joe Coburn and Patsy Flynn early on the 8th of August, 1857, Coburn did not "squeal," but got all the best of the fight, and licked Patsy very quickly. Flynn was not in condition at the time. We never looked upon Flynn as a first class boxer—he was a good rough fighter when he had things his own way, but was never properly tried.

PULL, Brooklyn.—"In throwing dice for four chances of equal value, with the understanding that the two lowest each have a chance, and the two highest each a chance, suppose—as was the case—that the two highest throws were a tie on 34, the question in dispute is, whether the two 34's each are entitled to a chance, or whether they are only to have a chance between them?".....They are each entitled to a chance.

SEVEN YEARS SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—1. Ione Burke is a member of Wallack's Theatre company. 2. She made her first appearance in the profession in the ballet, when Frank Rivers first opened the Melodeon in this city. 3. She has been a member of the Winter Garden company, and played Polly Marshall's character in the "Seven Sisters" at Laura Keene's when Polly seceded. 4. She is twenty years of age and is not married.

E. T., Port Royal.—The brother of John says Heenan was struck by parties in the interest of King, as was shown by his bruised condition when the mob closed around them when it was thought King was out of time. It is said he was hit with clubs, and also kicked. Not being present, we cannot say whether the statement is correct or not.

TURRETT, Port Royal, S. C.—1. Subscription received. 2. We believe the Home Circuit is understood to be the limits; but our opinion is that, to come down to close business, the Champion would have to meet an opponent in any part of England named by the proper officials.

HASPER, JR., N. H.—1. We do not know what the laws are in your State; but in New York, fine or imprisonment; or both. 2. There is no penalty, we believe, for using a fictitious name unless for purposes of fraud; and the nature of such fraud determines the manner and extent of punishment. 3. 20,000.

ESSEX, N. J.—In playing bluff, we hold that a player need not show his hand unless he is "called" in the orthodox manner; namely, by the caller depositing the same amount of money in the pool as he may have therein. Neither need he show his hand to any players except those who do so call him.

A. H., Philadelphia.—Caroline Richings was born in England in 1831. She made her first appearance in public as a pianist, Nov. 20, 1847, in Philadelphia. Made her first appearance on the stage Feb. 9, 1852, in the opera of the "Child of the Regiment," at the Walnut, Philadelphia.

APPLES AND WHISKEY.—"A, B and C are throwing dice, A throws 14; an outsider bets A that 14 won't win the pot. B throws 14, and C throws 7. The question is whether A or the outsider wins the bet?".....As 14 *did* win the pot, A wins the outside bet.

J. A.—John Drew was an Irish comedian, and a good one too. He *did* play the "Irish Emigrant" with great success. His singing of the "Irish Emigrant's Lament" has never, to our knowledge, been excelled.

B. P., Barren Hill.—A most effectual remedy for mange is to rub the dog twice a day thoroughly with a mixture of sulphur vives 8oz. whale oil 1 pint, giving castor oil twice a week.

D. L., Baltimore.—1. The Western Sisters are both at present playing in this country. 2. Two cannot play alone. B makes one point only, and C nothing.

CYRIST.—The Lyceum Theatre, London, opened under the direction of Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, for the first "English Opera Company" season, September 21, 1857. "Crown Diamonds" was the initial opera.

C. M., Cairo, Ill.—Comparing pounds with dollars, the stakes fought for by Heenan and King were not the largest ever contended for in the prize ring.

ANSON, Philadelphia.—1. Yankee Sullivan and Morrissey fought but once as antagonists in the P. R. 2. Hyer's first fight was with Country McCluskey—it was Morrissey who fought Thompson.

J. F. B., Cincinnati.—1. The lady was born in this city in 1837. 2. A biography appeared in the CLIPPER of March 15, 1862. We have none of that issue.

POKER, Williamsburgh.—"A, B, C and D are playing Bluff. A deals; B goes one dollar blind, C straddles this blind ($2). How much does it cost A to come in?".....It takes $4 for D to come in.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, Providence.—1. The lady was not divorced from her husband; he died while they were traveling together. 2. She is not married now. 3. She was.

H. B. L., Steubenville, O.—Not having occasion to purchase from the firm, we cannot speak of their reliability. They have been established long enough to be trustworthy, however.

BRUISER, Biddeford, Me.—The fare to San Francisco is, cabin, $325; second cabin, $250, and steerage, $125. The steamers sail on the 3d, 13th, and 23d of each month.

W. B. C., Baltimore, Md.—It was stated at the time to be 152 lbs., but as he was not weighed on the day of fighting, we cannot undertake to decide the bet.

T. J. G., Boston, Mass.—In our opinion, Heenan ought to have had the fight between himself and Sayers if he had had justice done to him.

T. H. BLAKE, Fort Hamilton.—We can furnish you with the CLIPPER containing the fight of Heenan and King, but the one giving the account of the Heenan and Sayers fight is out of print.

E. K. G., 2d Vermont.—We hold to the opinion that A is only obliged to show his hand to the player who pays for the privilege of seeing.

C. H. P.—1. Thank you, but that article might make us appear egotistical, "which we aint." 2. We have a copy of that photo.

G. T., Philadelphia.—Deery has made the highest count in a public billiard match at the carom game, viz., 315 points.

H. A. B., Detroit.—We have not got them. You might probably obtain them by advertising to that effect.

JERRY H., East Webster, Mass.—The money sent was all sufficient.

STEREOPTICON PROPRIETOR.—Send us your address. We have two or three communications for you.

FRIEND, Philadelphia.—You are too late in the season. All circus managers have had their company filled some time ago.

C. A. V., Washington, D. C.—The money sent will pay for two insertions of each advertisement.

OLD READER.—We believe it is compulsory on the one holding the highest double to play it.

STARLIGHT.—Six cents per copy; three dollars per year, of 52 issues.

JULIA, Staten Island.—The largest American schooner yacht is the Maria, of 216 tons.

M. J. T.—If you have a taste that way you can begin at any age; take some small position at first.

AMATEUR.—Would it not be well, while commenting on the abilities of boxers and others, to give us your name and address?

CONSTANT READER.—We are not sufficiently acquainted with that country to warrant us in offering any advice upon the subject.

F. G.—The Paterson Race Course, N. J., belongs to the Passaic Co. Agricultural Society.

G. W. L.—The book is at present out of print. Another edition will shortly be published.

CHARLEY, Philadelphia.—Summersault, or summerset are both equally correct.

DRAMATIC, Salem, Ohio.—The Ghost Illusion was first produced at the Polytechnic Institute, London, December 26, 1862.

BARDOLPH.—We can furnish you with the Heenan and King paper; the other is out of print.

PAPER BOX, Hawley, Pa.—Address Mr. Hawes, No. 23½ Division street, New York.

WM. H. MCELROY.—You can buy them at Willett's, No. 393 Broadway.

CHARLES H. DUPREZ.—Forwarded a large package of letters on the 8th to Pittsburgh.

HARRY BLAKE.—You had better drop a note to some of our advertisers.

WE ARE ALL HERE.

ONCE more we start our little craft on the sea of popular favor, with a full and assorted cargo, with all sail set, and with an increased force of assistants to help us work the CLIPPER on its twelfth annual voyage. We think this No. will bear inspection; the paper is good, the matter is good, and the general appearance of the sheet is good. As we said in our last, we thank our friends for the patronage they have heretofore bestowed upon us, and we shall be happy to retain their favor. We shall make no promises, but will let the paper speak for itself. With these few words, we "sail in."

OUR RECORD OF AMUSEMENTS.—This department of our paper is now one of its principal features, and it is gratifying to know that our efforts to provide the profession with a reliable weekly summary of the movements and business of actors, actresses, and show people generally, are so well appreciated. As an organ of the profession, the CLIPPER is a sort of directory of amusements and of all persons connected with them in any way. Through the medium of the CLIPPER, managers can quickly secure the services of performers, and performers can as quickly procure engagements, for our paper circulates everywhere, and is read by nearly everybody connected with the drama, minstrelsy, circusses, music halls, etc. With the enlargement just made, we shall be enabled to give additional facilities to our friends to make known their wants, and to bring their business more prominently to the notice of the general public. Look over our theatrical news and advertising columns this week.

THE FAIR.—A big thing is the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. The place is crowded, whether the tariff of admittance be high or low. People don't mind paying double prices for the articles offered for sale, taking into consideration the deserving objects to which the proceeds are to be devoted.

THE TURF.

The Forthcoming Trotting and Racing Season—Anticipations of Sport on the Fashion, Union, and Centreville Tracks—The Race Meetings in the North and West—Mr. Bonner and Lady Woodruff—The Patchen and Fillingham Challenge—Flora Temple.

From the time-honored trotting tracks of classic Long Island, the note of preparation for the approaching season's sports of the turf, is once again heard. With the advent of spring, trainers and drivers, shaking off the lethargy produced by the long winter's inactivity, are cheerfully resuming their active duties in preparing the high-mettled racer and the fast-stepping trotter for their various engagements on the turf during the forthcoming season. Once more at early dawn, the veteran of the trotting turf, Field Marshall Hiram Woodruff, can be seen gently jogging along the road in his light sulky to the Union, or mayhap the Fashion Course, to give each in his turn, the young horses in his charge and supervision, their daily morning exercise. Dan Pfifer and Pelham John may also be met, proceeding on with the same errand, the jolly, rubicund face of the former beaming with pleasure and delight at once again being able to send along his fast ones, after their long holiday rest in the warm, straw-littered loose box. Flora Temple's old pilot, Jim McMann, the worthy host of Lafayette Hall, can daily be seen on the Jackson avenue road, driving either his bay gelding Cardinal, the "gallant grey," Ed. Eddy, or his well-matched team of blacks, from his newly erected and compact stables at Hunter's Point. The famous brown stallion Robert Fillingham, driven by the experienced Sam McLaughlin, whose stables are now located alongside of Pfifer's at Snedicor's, and the equally renowned contraband, the black gelding General Butler, with many a well-known fast one on the road and the track, are all to be seen at "dewy morn" at their exercise, getting rid of the superabundant flesh that rest and ease for the preceding five or six months have enabled them to acquire. Messrs. Shaw & White, so long the energetic proprietors of that favorite track, the Union, have put it into admirable condition for trotting, and thoroughly repaired the devastation committed by the Massachusetts Regiment encamped there during the summer of 1862. A new fence, stands, and railing have been erected, and the track itself greatly improved, while the programme of sport itself published by the proprietors is exceedingly liberal in the amount of added money. The first trot of the season announced is for a $50 purse, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, on Thursday, 14th inst., and for this Messrs. Mcllrain, Mace, Pfifer and an owner have entries. Two other purses are offered during the ensuing month, together with four matches; the first being between Lady Ella and Jimmy Lynch for $1000, mile heats, in harness; the second between Lady Clifton and Village Maid, for $2000; the third for a similar amount between Baby Belle and Empress, wagon and driver to weigh 275 lbs.; and the fourth between the bay gelding Gen. Fremont and a bay stallion, both belonging to Columbia County, for $1000. The month of June has also four purses and six matches, making a grand total of twenty-one in all, which, together with those which will be arranged after the commencement of the season, will make the prospects of trotting on the Union bright and promising, and we fully anticipate witnessing, under Mr. Shaw's auspices, trotting on the Union Course once again popular with the community. Many are the alterations and improvements that, during a recent visit, we found going on at the Union. The once famous hotel of John I. Snedicor, where the old Euchre Club of New York, when in its palmiest days, used to hold their weekly reunions, but which has been closed for the last two years, is now being renovated and almost rebuilt, in the anticipation of better and brighter days on the old Union track. It will be kept by John I. himself, and will doubtless be as well patronized as in days of yore. Hiram Woodruff's hotel, of course, remains in *statu quo*, and the epicure will find the same admirable *cuisine* during the season, as that which have rendered his dinners so famous. There is a change on the other side the road, however, for Uncle Billy Shaw (who so delighted to "talk horse," especially race horse, and revert to the "good old times" when he trained the famous "Little Flea" for victory), is now no longer to be found there, to gratify his early morning customers with his inestimable compound of "Gin and Tansy," which Joe Elliott swears knocks the bitters of Hostetter and Boker, Townsend and Drake, into a "cocked hat." The old hostelrie knows him no more, and honest "Pelham John," than whom a better judge or trainer of horseflesh does not exist, is now its occupant, whether permanently or merely temporarily, we cannot say. Nor must we, in speaking of the old Union, forget that prince of good fellows, and jovial, hospitable host, glorious Tom Stewart, of the well-known "Halfway House," close by the cemetery yclept Cypress Hill. Tom is ever to be found ready to extend the hand of welcome and a cheerful greeting to his friends, and their name is legion, as they go to and return from trots on the Union; and in his present profession as a "Knight of the Spigot," he stands as unapproachable as he did in his former one when associated with the sawdust and circus. May his shadow never be less.

Walking up Broadway the other day, we met jolly Joe Crocheron, manager of the Fashion Course, over on Long Island, and had a long "powwow" about the doings of the coming season on his track. Joe speaks in sanguine terms of the prospects of good trotting, and invited us to the opening day, which is fixed for the 19th inst., when for the offered purse of $100, mile heats, in harness, for horses that never trotted in public, eight horses have entered. Although the miserable weather we have had for the last month has almost entirely stopped horses in their work, yet if fine weather should fairly set in, so as to give trainers a chance, we may witness a good contest, though of course fast time is not to be expected under the circumstances. Altogether, the Fashion Course Association offer in purses $3,400 to be trotted for, up to the later end of the month of June. The entries in some of the purses are quite numerous, there being in one thirteen, in two others twelve, and in another eleven horses entered. Two of the purses offered, of $1000 each, with a stake of $250 each, p. p., mile heats, to harness and wagon respectively, have the three leading trotting cracks of the day—Robert Fillingham, John Morgan and Gen. Butler—engaged for them. The interest would have been vastly increased had Flora Temple's renowned antagonist, Geo. N. Patchen, been entered for these purses. A little imbroglio has recently occurred in connection with this horse. Some six weeks ago, Mr. Waltermire, the owner of Patchen, published a challenge to match him against any horse in the world, mile heats, best 3 in 5, and two miles and repeat, in harness, for $500 or $1000 each race. He also especially challenged Robert Fillingham, any race the owner of the latter might name, for $1000 or $ much more as might be wished; the race to come off over the Fashion Course, L. I., in June next. The paper in which this challenge was published, observed in relation to it, that Fillingham was engaged in a "play-or-pay" stakes, the last of which came off on the 22d of June, consequently there would be no time to trot the two races that month, and pretty plainly intimated that [he] was aware of this fact, the challenge is[sued] ... meant in sincerity. The last), for the match he offered, without conflicting with these engagements. The paper in question, which seems to be retained as a sort of special pleader on behalf of Robert Fillingham vs. Geo. N. Patchen, then boldly declares that Mr. Waltermire never meant a fair, *bona fide* trot, and that knowing the above-named three horses were engaged, had selected the opportunity to manufacture "bunkum." It also gratuitously assumes that Waltermire did not enter his horse in the purses where he could not meet Morgan, Butler and Fillingham, because in those races there was no "gate money," and that so strong was his proclivity for "hippodroming" he would only trot where the gate money was certain to be greater than the stake itself. The whole affair has created no little excitement, and caused a vast deal of talk among the *habitues* of the trotting track.

Next Thursday, the celebrated trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, so liberally presented by Mr. Robert Bonner to the Metropolitan Fair, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, is to be sold by auction at the Fair Grounds, in Palace Gardens. A few years ago, before Mr. Bonner had succeeded in securing his present lightning team, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, it was a rich treat to see him send along the lusty Lady Woodruff and her well-matched mate, Lantern, on the Jackson-avenue road, or to witness him drive up to Hiram Woodruff's shed at the Union. The old mare (she is now twelve years old) can boast of a capital time record. In her first race at five years old, three miles in harness, for $2000 a side, she distanced Lady Suffolk in 8min. 23sec., and the ensuing year she beat the renowned Brown Dick, to wagon, in a race of five heats, the best being a dead heat in 2:33¼. She beat Jake Oakley and Miller's Damsel, in three straight heats, in harness, in 2:29, and repeated in 2:29¼, and bowled over the former in three straight heats, to wagon, in 2:31¼, the slowest heat being 2:32¼. At seven years old she beat Mountain Boy (whom Jim Bevins sent over in Sam McLaughlin's care to England to win everything before him, but through bad management and worse driving, was beaten in the great Liverpool trotting race by a horse to whom he could show his heels at any time), two-mile heats, in harness; but her great performance was when she beat Geo. N. Patchen and Brown Dick in a race of six heats. The first was a dead heat between her and Patchen, in 2:30¼; Brown Dick won the second; Patchen the third; and the Lady the fourth, fifth, and sixth. She is now going as fast, if not faster, than she ever did, and the last time that a watch was held over her, Mr. Hopkins, of Greenpoint, drove her in 2:27 in harness. The competition for her among those who love a fast road horse is certain to be spirited, and we should not be surprised if the "Ledger" man's munificent present realized some $2500 or $3000 for the funds of that noble charity.

Racing, it is thought, is gaining ground in popular favor in the Northern States, and ere long, if conducted with strict honor, liberality and judgment, will enjoy as extensive a share of public patronage, as it did among us in days gone by, when the turf was supported by such men as the Johnstons, Stephenses, Livingstons, Tolers, Gibbonses and other famous men. The Paterson Racing Association have shown a splendid example of what can be done to make the recreations of the turf popular with the people, by liberality in the offering of purses, which is certain to attract the best class of horses; punctuality in paying them when won; impartiality in deciding them, and the manifestation of a desire to consult the comfort and pleasure of those who attend their meetings. This season St. Louis opens the ball, their spring meeting commencing May 14th, and lasting seven days, during which *twenty thousand dollars* in purses and stakes will be run for. The Washington, D. C. Spring Meeting commences May 17th, lasting five days, and unfortunately conflicting with the St. Louis Meeting, owing to which wretched and mismanaged arrangement, the prospects of the meeting are by no means flattering. Owners of thoroughbreds will go where the most money is given to be run for, and the lovers of the turf go where the best horses run, and the best sport witnessed. The Paterson Spring Meeting is held on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of June, thus affording racing men and race horses ample time to return from St. Louis and be fit for another week's sport. The great event of this meeting is the race for the "Jersey Derby," similar to the famous Epsom Derby race in England, for which thirty-two of the best three year old thoroughbreds in the country are entered. The conditions are, a sweepstakes entrance of $50 each, play or pay, with $1000 added, one and a half mile dash, each to carry 100 lbs., fillies and geldings allowed 3 lbs. For this race the betting has already been very heavy, several turfmen having opened "books" on it, and are betting odds against any of the horses entered. The most promising favorites are Kentucky, against whom 6 to 1 only is offered; Minnie Minor, Loadstone, and Arcola, all at 10 to 1; Asteroid and the Gloriana colt. It is expected that some twelve or fifteen horses will run for this stake, being a larger number than ever started before in one race on the American turf. At Philadelphia, the Point Breeze Park Association have organized a Spring Meeting, which commences on the 15th of June, being the week succeeding the Paterson races, and lasts three days. They have issued a capital programme, and from the admirable manner in which the association have always conducted their meetings, we feel assured they will meet with success. Hitherto the races have been held on the Suffolk Park Track, but from bad management never were successful. Let us hope for a better state of things on the beautiful Point Breeze Course. On Long Island, Captain T. W. Moore, who gave us two meetings last year, at one of which the fastest four mile time on record in the North was made, holds his Spring Racing Carnival on the Centerville Course, on the 21st, 23d and 24th June; the whole being under the management of the New York Jockey Club. The Saratoga Meeting, which John Morrissey so successfully instituted last year, and which is now managed by an organized and highly influential association, commences on the 2d August. A new race course has been purchased and laid out, judges and grand stands erected, and stabling for any number of horses built. This meeting promises to be second to none in the North, judging from the energy and liberality with which it is managed.

Many are the inquiries that we have had made to us respecting the old "Queen of the Trotting Turf," Flora Temple, and whether she is still living, or gone the "way of all horseflesh." Last summer a paragraph went the round of the provincial papers that she had died in New Hampshire. This, however, was a mistake, arising out of the circumstance of some ignoble animal unknown to fame having been given the name of the "little bay mare," and "gone under." Driving out the other day with Jim McMann to see his newly erected stables over at Hunter's Point, we asked him after the favorite old mare whom he had so often piloted to victory. He told us that she was at Mr. McDonald's, her owner's place, near Baltimore, where she is enjoying her *otium cum dignitate*, after her long and triumphant career on the turf. She is in splendid condition, and as fit now to trot as ever she was. He said her owner was willing to match her against George N. Patchen, two races, one and two mile heats, to harness, for either $2500 or $5000 a side each race. If the old mare, who is such a great favorite with the New York public, should once again make her appearance on the turf, she would draw a greater attendance than has ever been seen on the trotting tracks of Long Island. Nor is such an event improbable, for although Mr. McDonald is willing to match her against Patchen, he expressly stipulates that it shall be trotted on the Baltimore track. If, however, he would agree to trot over the Union Course on Long Island, which, we believe, is acknowledged to be the fastest track in the country, we are authoritatively informed that the lusty New Jersey stallion would be ready to join issue for as much money as the Baltimore millionaire may name.

Dropping in Lafayette Hall, the other night, that being the place where horsemen most resort to talk over the coming trotting campaign, we came across Jem Eoff, who it will be remembered was the trainer and driver of the California fast trotting mare Princess, when she was first matched against the little bay mare Flora Temple. He got into some difficulty on his return to San Francisco some two years ago, in consequence of shooting a man dead in a bar-room, but it appears that he has managed to escape the consequences. Next week we shall give a full report of the opening trot of the season on the Union Course, between Jim McMann's Cardinal, Dan Mace's Wonderful, Dan Pfifer's Ida and Owner's Sally Come Up, which comes off on Thursday.

THE NINE LEADING BILLIARD PLAYERS of America, who composed the Billiard Congress of 1863, are the subjects selected for the first page engraving of the CLIPPER, for its first voyage in its twelfth year. It is copied from a most beautifully executed lithograph recently published by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, the famous billiard table manufacturers; and who kindly gave their permission for its use by us. The lithographs are for sale at the various leading billiard saloons, we believe, at $1 per copy.

MEMENTOES FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—R. H. Johnston, who has been doing the country good service at Mission Ridge and Lookout Moutain, is here on a short furlough. He brought us several little mementoes of the battle ground on Lookout Mountain, a pipe, cane, book, etc., made from laurel growing on the place where the "battle above the clouds" was fought. They were sent to us by Maj. W. H. Lawrence, of Gen. Hooker's staff. Many thanks to both gentlemen.

WHO TRAINED HIM?—We hear that Neil Bryant, Chris. Conner, [Kav]anagh through a series of "physical [ex]ercises" at Mann. Dudley is said to [be] know.

A SPORTING ENTERTAINMENT, of an unusually pleasing c[har]ter, was recently given in the large saloon of the City Ass[em]bly Building, and the manner in which the whole affair was ma[na]ged and carried out, is creditable to the gentlemen interested in it. A variety programme was announced, and with but one or two exceptions—and those owing to illness—the conditions of the bills were fulfilled. One of the most respectable and orderly assemblages that ever gathered at an entertainment of the kind was in attendance, and when we say that upwards of two thousand persons were present, and not a disturbance of any kind occurred, "our friends on the other side"—as they say of opponents in Congress—should give the sporting community that credit for good behavior which they have hitherto denied them. Gentlemen never witnessed public sparring before, were delighted with the friendly hitting, stopping, and other tactics exhibited by the boys," and equally well pleased with the quiet, and orderly good nature which prevailed "among the roughs," as the "[re]spectable and other religious papers" term our pugilistic friends. A stranger is as safe at a sparring exhibition as he would be at any other mixed congregation, so long as he behaves himself; and, as you know, he has to do even in church, or he will be handed a "ticket of leave." The good result which attended this entertainment will be felt by parties about to get up similar exhibitions, provided the same rules of order, and the same adherence to the advised performances are observed. Good order, courtesy, and attention to the comfort and accommodation of patrons of our sporting entertainments will always bring their own reward, and we trust that our friends will not lose sight of this fact in all future exhibitions.

WINTER SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA.—Instead of eating [plum] drinking hot toddies, and such like stuff, as we do here at Christmas times, the "outside barbarians" at Australia were amusing themselves on Christmas in boating, sailing, attending open concerts and flower shows, and drinking sherry cobblers and mint juleps. But our turn's coming, boys, "wait a little longer."

ON EXHIBITION.—Among the attractions occasionally offered to the notice of visitors at the Fair are the thieves who are exhibited stealing from the stalls, and picking pockets. The word "thief" is affixed to each "swinjuleer," and in that way they are paraded around before the assembled thousands.

BILLIARDS.—Elsewhere we give full reports of the matched games played during the past week, including the match for the Championship between Messrs. Kavanagh and Tieman, and that between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh.

NOTICE TO BOOK AND PRINT ADVERTISERS.—We should be a favor if our friends would word their advertisements in a "quiet" manner than some are in the habit of doing. If they do not do this, we may be compelled to omit them.

BOAT RACING IN THE NAVY.—We are glad to notice that the jolly Jack Tars, when not actively engaged in their hazardous duty for Uncle Sam, make the time pass pleasantly in friendly contests with the oars, and of late quite a number of exciting boat races have taken place among them. The following account of races which recently took place between the crews of several monitors, off Port Royal, South Carolina, are sent in by a correspondent, "Turrett," who dates his communication as follows:

U. S. MONITOR NAHANT, PORT ROYAL, S. C., April 2.

FRIEND QUEEN: Knowing your paper is devoted to all sport, I send you a description of a few exciting boat races we have had down here. The United States Monitors Cattaraugus and Nahant came down here to repair boilers, and the active crews thought it a good time to see who were "The Boys" in the boats. We first had a race with a pair of gigs, the Nahant's dingie, against time—a one mile race between Mitchell and W. Davison, for a purse of fifty dollars. Won by half a minute—time, 6.30 minutes..... The next between our two cutters; each to pull six oars, the same distance, for a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars. Our first cutter by a boat's length..... The Passaic boys sent us a challenge to pull their cutter a three mile race for one hundred dollars, which was gladly accepted. You would have thought it a match and Ward affair, so eager were the men to strive for the championship. The boats were got in on deck, and scraped; oiled and planed down, and many were the opinions formed of each. Well, after all the preliminary arrangements had been made, the boats were placed in position, and directed to pull around the Ironsides, about a mile and a half distant. We were lying at Station Creek, about half a mile from the entrance, when the word was given. The Passaic led off on a spurt, but it was plain to be seen that they could not keep up that head of steam; they pulled until they reached the turning post, when the Nahants gained what they had lost. The Passaic again took the lead, and at the entrance to the Creek the Passaic was three full lengths ahead, but the Nahants were at work. The Nahants were slowly and surely gaining, and when within one hundred and fifty yards were below a length. Here the excitement was tremendous; all were [on] the rigging, some on men, caps were thrown up, and [the] cheer greeted the boats as they passed the different vessels in Creek. The Passaics did not feel inclined to let our boat pass, so they fouled the Nahants against the side of the Union steamer Catskill, and we had to trail our starboard oars. This did them no good, for we came in half a length ahead, [with] the skill of our Coxswain, an old White Hall boat puller. The United States steamer Catskill then challenged the Nahants to put them a three mile race in their pontoons. They are [about] feet long and eighteen inches in diameter—four of them [to] together. The Catskill was two feet longer than ours, [and] were to pull four oars each, and to have a Coxswain. A comic affair; but the purse was worth pulling for, namely [$]. This was thought to be a test of bottom in the men. It [was] down here that heard of the affair was anxious to see it, [and] came from Beaufort and Hilton Head to see and criticise. [Both] the captains gave the word, and off they went, the Nahants [leading] from the start, and keeping the lead. The Catskill appeared to pull heavy—to keep her head under the water—and in [the] mile it was easily seen that they had no show. The Catskill being aware of the fact, hailed our pontoon, and asked, in a way, for a tow. The Nahants were declared the winners, [amid] cheers of the Catskill and all the visitors.

BALL PLAY.

THE SEASON OF 1864.

REGULARLY, every season, do we hear the common croakers of the base ball fraternity on the prospects of the season, belched forth like the croaks of a parcel of bull-frogs warm Spring day. But like the windy emanations of these jumpers" in question, their croaking amounts to nothing, statements of base ball being "played out," and that everybody tired of the game, are only exposures of their wishes and not the fact. The prospects for a successful season for 1864 are more favorable than those of any season since 1861, at which time the "b

BILLIARDS.

THE SANITARY FAIR BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

The grand billiard tournament among the leading professional players in the United States, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, which was held at Irving Hall on the afternoon and evening of the 6th inst., was a great success which attended the tournament held in this city last summer, suggested to the respected ex-Champion, Mr. Michael Phelan, the idea of repeating it, and donating the entire proceeds to the funds of the Sanitary Commission, evincing in a practical form the sympathy of the billiard professionals of this country with the patriotic and praise-worthy objects of that noble association. From every artist of note, he received assurances of hearty co-operation, and we regret that unforeseen causes alone prevented Messrs. Secreiter and Foley from being present. The former had the misfortune to have his place of residence destroyed by fire shortly before, while the unexpected death of Foley's business partner prevented his anticipated attendance. The players who took part in the tournament were Messrs. Deery, of Washington; Tieman, of Cincinnati; Bird, of Philadelphia; and Phelan, Kavanagh, Goldthwaite, Foster, Cahill and Isadore, of New York. Louis Fox, of Rochester, was unable to play in consequence of a severely strained wrist, which has incapacitated him from playing for some weeks past.

The hall was fitted up as on occasions of previous matches, with seats rising amphi-theatrically above each other around the hall, while the centre space was the table, an elegant black walnut four pocket Standard American, of Phelan and Collender's manufacture. The tickets of admission were one dollar to each *seance* of the afternoon and evening.

The tournament commenced with a match between Goldthwaite and Deery, 250 points up, caroms, Mr. Chris. Bird acting as umpire. The former seemed out of play, and Deery went ahead with alarming rapidity, nursing the balls in his usual artistic and effective style. He turned his first 100 sixty-two points ahead, and on the second hundred had increased his lead 143 points. Here, however, he fell off in his play; and "the boy," settling down to his work, went resolutely in to win, which he did by 21 points, scoring 250 to his opponent's 229. The following is the score:—

GOLDTHWAITE.		DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count. Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
5	5	31	31
9	14	24	55
0	14	4	59
24	38	47	106
28	66	103	209
0	66	0	209

* Safe miss.

Winner's average 20, 11 over; highest run, 94. Deery's highest run, 103.

The second game was between Messrs Bird of Philadelphia, and Isadore Gayraud, 25 points up, French three ball caroms. Although this is Isadore's favorite game, he seemed to be completely out of play on this occasion, and Bird, who played admirably, won by 15 points. The score:—

Bird	00303134107111001—25
Isadore	00003004000000— 7

The third game was between Messrs. Kavanagh and Foster, 500 points up, caroms. The former did not seem inclined to put forth his real strength, and Foster, playing in excellent style, proved the victor by 122 points. We give the score:—

FOSTER.		KAVANAGH.	
No.	*Count. Total.*	*Count. Total.*	
8	8	1	1
56	64	6	7
6	70	17	24
0	70	17	41
7	77	50	91
2	79	0	91
0	79*	6	97
26	105	5	102
7	112*	3	105*
0	112	0	105
9	121	6	111
41	162	5	116
0	162	10	126
35	197	6	132
0	197	25	157
0	197	31	188

* Unintentional pocket of own ball. † Safe miss. ‡ Safe pocket. Unintentional miss.

Winner's average, 22—14 over. Highest run, 56. Loser's highest run, 72.

The fourth game was between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, 100 points, caroms; the push shot barred. The former won by 42 points.

Phelan	5, 0, 2, 14, 8, 15,5, 3, 45, 3—total, 100
Kavanagh	0, 0, 0, 10, 20, 3, 16, 9, 0, 0—total, 58

THE EVENING'S TOURNAY commenced with a game between Messrs. Cahill and Bird, 300 up around the table. The play was very indifferent on both sides, Cahill's highest runs being 46, 35, 30, 29, and Bird's 30, 25, 21, 21; the former won by 90 points. Average, 6—12 over.

The next game, between Messrs. Phelan and Tieman, 500 up, caroms, excited unusual interest. Tieman commenced in fine style, playing magnificently, and making 49 on his first and 107 on his second count, when he eased up, and beyond a run of 74, did nothing further worthy of special notice. He, however, won the game by 101 points. We give the score:

PHELAN.		TIEMAN.	
No.	*Count. Total.*	*Count. Total.*	
10	10	49	49
41	51	107	156
0	51	4	160
2	53	2	162
2	55*	2	164
24	79	9	173*
5	84	0	173*
9	93	1†	174
2	95*	6	180
0	95	74	254
10	105	14	268
8	113	9	277
8	121	0	277
3	124	6	283
41	165	39	322
7	172	8	330
3	175	0	330
0	175	0	330
0	175	12	342
9	184	0	342
3	187	26	368
18	205†	3	371

* Unintentional pocket of own ball. † Safe miss.

Winner's average, 11—17 over. Highest run, 107.

The third and concluding game was between Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwait, 200 points, caroms. In this contest, Kavanagh gave a fine display of his wonderful skill, running completely away from his opponent, and winning by 149 points. The score:

GOLDTHWAIT.		KAVANAGH.	
No.	*Count. Total.*	*Count. Total.*	
0	0	12	12
3	3	38	50
9	12	97	147
6	18	2	149

Winner's average, 25. Highest run, 97.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP,

BETWEEN

DUDLEY KAVANAGH AND PHILIP TIEMAN.

KAVANAGH STILL CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

An immense concourse of people assembled at Irving Hall, on the evening of April 7, to witness the passage at cues between Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, and Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, for $1,000 and the sceptre of the kingdom of billiards—the gold mounted cue—1,500 points up, caroms, on one of Phelan & Collender's standard four-pocket tables. This was the second of the present series of matches played under the regulations adopted by all the billiard magnates of the land, in Congress assembled, in this city in June, 1863, by which all matches for the championship of America were in future to be governed, and for which Messrs. Phelan & Collender presented a gold mounted cue, to be defended by the then winner against all comers for three years before it should become his property, "to have and to hold, &c.," permanently. Dudley Kavanagh secured the trophy after a trying ordeal, discomfiting all competitors in the tournament of June, 1863. John Secreiter, of Detroit, was the first to "shy in his castor," but was "distanced in the race." Philip Tieman then threw down the gauntlet, the result of which we here propose to tell.

Punctually at the time agreed upon, 8 P. M., entered the arena, Tieman first, Kavanagh following hard upon, when both of them were most heartily cheered by the "house full;" we cannot give the figures, but those who know the utmost capacity of Irving Hall know just how many there were present to gaze upon the cue-rious display. When "order reigned in Warsaw," the "orator of the evening," we don't know his name, politely requested the people to refrain from applause, as it disconcerted the players, and to observe decorum, particularly towards the Champion of the West, Mr. Tieman, as it was in every sense of the word a friendly match.

On stringing for lead, it was discovered that the table was out of true, owing to the weight of the many spectators on the spring floor. That difficulty over, Tieman "laid off down the table," and Kavanagh had the first shot, but failed to count. To follow the game through, shot by shot, is not necessary, as we have appended an elaborate table of counts which "he who runs may read," and glean every information from, "on that score." Almost all the way up to turn 38, the Cincinnatian had things about as he liked them, and, by runs of 77, 53, 69, 57, and others of lesser note, got 250 points in advance, thus materially reducing the odds of $500 to $400 offered by Neil Bryant on Kavanagh, and taken. Kavanagh, during this time, played badly, and had worse luck, pocketing his ball unintentionally no less than nine times. At his 39th turn, however, by some magnificent shots, and adroitly nursing the balls, he made *the highest count in the match*, viz., 152, which gave the game a more favorable aspect for him, and caused the countenances of his friends to brighten up like sunshine after an April shower. From this point to the close of the game, that fickle female, Misfortune, waited on the Cincinnati hero, instead of New York's representative, and, do what he would or could, and in spite of his really steady intrepidity, coolness of calculation and brilliant execution, not a run did he make—save that of 93 at his 67th turn—over 48, and very few of 20. It is well known that such figures are by no means the measure of Mr. Tieman's capacity; but they reveal, in a very prominent manner, "that glorious uncertainty" in billiards often attributed to cricket, but which evidently does not belong to it exclusively. Kavanagh, as he closed up the gap between them, played more and more skilfully, and, at his 77th turn, made a run of just 100, when he abruptly broke off by making a mis-cue. He turned 1000 points at twelve o'clock, half-an-hour ahead of his opponent, and then at twelve o'clock, half-an-hour ahead of his opponent, and then it was set down as a foregone conclusion by his friends that Kavanagh would win; indeed, he has the reputation of reserving his force until the latter part of the game, when he is sure almost to overtake his adversary should he have one fortunate enough to lead him. He has won most of his matches in that way, the most notable one being when he ran 177 in his match at Detroit at the time of the great Phelan-Secreiter set-to. Betting towards the close of the game was, as might be supposed, all in favor of Kavanagh, and, as each successive 100 points were turned, the odds on *him* increased, until, at 1:45 A. M., on the 8th inst., he made the winning shot, thus again securing to himself, for the time being, the proud title of "Champion of America," the gold-mounted cue, and the stakes, besides transferring thereby some thousands of dollars in bets from the hands of the temporary holders into the pockets of his friends, who, as might naturally be expected, are highly jubilant over his victory. Tieman took his defeat most heroically and philosophically, but told us that he was ready to play "any other man" for the same amount on the next day; so that we shall not be surprised if once again, and as soon as he can "under the rules of the house," he enters the lists for another trial for the championship. The present match was not a brilliant one in its strictest sense, the average being considerably less than 13; and was somewhat tedious to look upon, as the many small counts, as exhibited in the table, will show to those familiar with the game. Both men made many brilliant angle shots, and "banked" well; but their "nursing" was not up to their well-known standard of skill; neither man giving more than two or three exhibitions of that style of play. There were a great many strangers in New York present at the match, who were evidently delighted with the display. There were also a number of noisy people who had more lungs than brains, and did not know enough to keep quiet, although exhorted so to do frequently by Mr. Phelan and others. Gen. McClellan was to have been present, but we didn't see him. Pecuniarily, the affair was a great success, and as the proceeds, after paying expenses, are to be divided between winner and loser, Phriend Phil will have ample means to pay his freight back to Porkopolis. By 2, A. M., Irving Hall was deserted, and crowds flocked to Chris Connor's for "groceries," and to shake hands with the loser, who retained that good-humored smile on his countenance for which he is noted, all through the squeezing ordeal; others made a descent upon the Champion at his rooms, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, and congratulated him upon his success, in which we joined, and "smiled and smiled again, my bonnie lassie." The above cursory review contains about all "the items of interest" connected with the set-to, saving the figures as made, which, however, will be found in the table hereunto annexed:—

KAVANAGH.		TIEMAN.	
No. Count.	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
0	0	2	2
0	0	3‡	5
3	3	0*	5
1	4	8	13
7‡	11	3	16
31	42	3	19
0	42	77	96
35	77	13	109
42	119	53	162
0	119	2	164
5‡	124	3	167
7‡	131	6	173
7	138	19	192
5	143	2	194
2†	145	2	196
9*	154	1	197
0‡	154	3	200
0‡	154	3‡	203
3	157	69	272
0	157	0	272
0†	157	2	274
2*	159	35	309
7‡	166	11	320
0*	166	80	400
3‡	169	3	403
0	169	0	403
10	179	57	460
0	179	3	463
0	179	3	466
0	179	5	471
0	179	4	475
0	179	0	475
14	193	13	488
8	201	0	488
20	221	3	491
3‡	224	3	494
0	224	4	498
25	249	5	503
152	401	26	529
0‡	401	3	532
42	443	0	532
38	481	19	551
16	497	7	558
4‡	501	3	561
29	530	2*	563
4	534	7	570
12	546	5	575
5	551	4	579
86	637	5	584
0	637	0‡	584
30*	667	1*	585
27	694	5	590
4	698	2	592
14	712	16	608
22	734	10	618
13	747	5	623
19	766	3	626
0	766	5	631
6	782	2	633

KAVANAGH.		TIEMAN.	
No. Count.	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
2	784	5	638
3	787	0	638
3‡	790	6	644
32‡	822	0	644
25	847	46	690
0	847	5	695
17	864	18	713
0	864	93	806
18	882	6	812
0	882	2	814
3	885	2*	816
1	886	14	830
18‡	904	5	835
0	904	17	852
24	928	48‡	900
6	934	0	900
5	939	0	900
100	1039	15	915
8	1047	2	917
0	1044	0	917
0	1044	0	917
15	1059	17†	934
3*	1062	1*	935
72	1134	56	991
0	1134	30	1021
7	1141	0†	1021
2	1143	0	1021
8	1151	0*	1021
4	1155	18	1039
16	1171	14	1053
5	1176	1	1054
14	1190	0	1054
43	1233	0	1054
1	1234	12	1066
2	1236	1	1067
2	1238	3	1070
24‡	1262	0	1070
3‡	1265	5	1075
0	1265	28	1103
19‡	1284	13	1116
2†	1286	3*	1119
23‡	1309	6	1125
2	1312	5	1130
20	1350	3‡	1133
11‡	1361	0	1133
14	1375	0	1133
42	1417	6	1139
0	1417	26	1165
5	1422	9	1174
9	1431	9	1183
6	1437	8	1191
9†	1446	11	1202
3‡	1449	6	1208
2	1451	8‡	1216
0‡	1451	29	1245
5	1456	3	1248
4	1460	2	1250
7	1467	4	1254
12	1479	11	1265
21	1500		

Forfeitures.—* One for a miss. † Two for going in the pocket off the white ball. ‡ Three for pocket off a red ball.

Umpire.—For Dudley Kavanagh, Mr. Chris. O'Connor, of N. Y.
For Philip Tieman, Mr. May, of Toronto.
Referee.—Mr. Ralph Benjamin.

THE BILLIARD MATCH
FOR THE WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION,

BETWEEN

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, THE CHAMPION,

AND

MICHAEL PHELAN, THE EX-CHAMPION.

The attendance on Friday evening, the 8th inst., at Irving Hall, to witness the match of 1,000 points up, caroms, push shots barred (the proceeds to go into the treasury of the above named association, and the loser to donate $100 to the Sanitary Commission), between the Champion and ex-Champion, was not one fourth as numerous as at the Kavanagh-Tieman set-to. At this we were astonished, because we felt sure that it would be a most interesting bout; and the result showed that our judgment was not at fault. Moreover, we hoped for a larger attendance, because of the cause the admission fees were to be donated to; and we hope that the sum received for tickets will be largely added to by subscription, for the working women are our best women, and their efforts to ameliorate their own condition should be heartily seconded. But to the match. Some little time was again occupied in adjusting the table, and the same exhortations uttered in regard to applause, etc. At about 8:15 P. M., play began by "stringing for lead," resulting in Phelan making the first attempt to count. In the first half-dozen turns at the cue, Kavanagh took the lead, but at the tenth, by a pretty run of 45, Phelan showed in front, and the game stood seventy-six against sixty-one. At the sixteenth he again spread himself in some angle shots of a brilliant description, for which 56 points were credited to him; and at the 26th turn it was ditto repeated with a run of 50, which placed the old war horse just 100 points ahead. Kavanagh, somehow or other, did not seem "to get the hang of it," and some of his best efforts were marred by kisses and misses. The fair married and misses of the Fair Committee will probably make up to him for those kisses when he hands in the $100. Phelan, on the other hand, kept "forging ahead," and at the 62d turn was two hundred in advance. Everybody now seemed to take it as a moral certainty that "The Father of the Game" was to win; apparently forgetting Kavanagh's speed on the home stretch. To be sure, his efforts on the previous night and the consequent excitement and late hours had taken the steel out of him; but presently he roused up, and gradually approached the figures of his experienced opponent, who gave him some hard nuts to crack in the way of "safety plays." After turning the seventh hundred, luck seemed to set in against the veteran, as in over twenty turns at the cue he only scored 63 points. Dudley Kavanagh, however, kept going in to win, until at the 111th turn he passed Phelan by a run of 28, when it lacked 20 minutes of 12. We need hardly say that the progress of the game was from this time out, watched with the most breathless suspense, and each man exercised the most consummate judgment and skill in trying to count himself, and prevent his adversary from doing the same thing. At the one hundred and sixteenth turn, when Kavanagh had but 34 points to go, it seemed almost a certain thing that Kavanagh must win, but in making a pretty recoil shot, which would have left the balls well together at the top left hand corner pocket, his own unfortunately went in, and, as we believe, snatched victory from his grasp. Another round O apiece, and Phelan got them just where he wanted them, and, by a series of skillful shots and "judgmatical" manœuvres, ran 42 points, which, at five minutes this side of midnight, gave him the game with two points to spare. The applause with which he was greeted upon his success was deafening, and everybody seemed delighted with the display of billiard playing that they had witnessed. The average was not large, nor were there any runs of a "century" apiece; but it must be remembered that 50 points are as difficult to make without the push shot as 100 are with. Let those who differ with us, in this opinion, try it and see. The veteran victor showed in this encounter that his right hand has not yet lost its cunning. We should like to describe a few of the prettiest shots made by both players, but space forbids; so, as for the prettiest shots made of never lying, we will let them here tell the truth of the story:

PHELAN.		KAVANAGH.	
No. Count.	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
0	0	9‡	9
3	3	0	9
3	6	7	16
15	18	4	20
10	28	17*	37
1†	29	17	54
0*	29	7	61
0	29	0	61
2	31	0	61
45	76	0	61
4	80	0	61
0	80	5	66
2	82	7	73
17	99	0	73
0	99	0	73
56	155	0*	73
1	156	5	78
22‡	178	3*	81
1*	179	12	93
0	179	12	105
0*	179	28	133
5	184	0	133
0*	184	1	134
3	187	4	138
9	196	2	140
50	246	6	146
6	252	7	153
17	269	8	161
3	272	14‡	175
3‡	275	3	178
26	301	0	178
0	301	8	186
0	301	4	190
8	309	18	208
13†	322	2	210
21	343	17	227
4†	347	2*	229
1	348	7	236
0	348	0	236
20‡	368	12	248
0	368	10	258
0	368	2	260
14*	382	1	261
18	400	6	267
8	408	7	274
0	408	21	295
12	420	19	314
35	455	0	314
6	461	0	314
2	463	34	348
4	467	0	348
20	487	2	350
0	487	19	369
22	509	0*	369
38	547	0*	369
7	554	15	382
15	569	8	390
51	620	0	390
4	624	4*	394
15*	639	9*	403

Forfeitures.—* One for a miss. † Two for pocket off white ball. ‡ Three for pocket off red ball, or without hitting any ball.

Referee.—Louis Fox, of Rochester, N. Y.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH AND KEHOE'S CLUBS.—Another great victory for Dudley Kavanagh, and another proof of the superiority attained from continual use of Mr. S. D. Kehoe's celebrated Indian clubs. The Billiard Champion is a firm believer in clubs for preparing a man for feats of endurance, and he is loud in his praise, (that too from practical experience,) of the wonderful benefits to be derived from the use of them. Mr. Kehoe can supply everything in the club, dumb-bell or gymnastic line, in single orders or by the gross. Parties wishing anything in his line should drop him a line in care of the N. Y. CLIPPER; or, at 21 Watts street, New York.

THE THREE BALL FRENCH GAME.—On the afternoon of the 8th inst., Messrs. Braisted and Freeman, of this city, played a match at the three ball French carom game, 100 points up, for $250 a side, which, after a very close contest, Braisted won. It was an artistic cue-rious display, and far superior to what was expected. At the close, Mr. Braisted, with his characteristic liberality, gave $50 of his winnings to the Workingwomen's Society. Peter is to be commended for this exhibition of generosity.

P. S.—Mr. Freeman having challenged Mr. Braisted to play another match, the same game and number of points, to come off in three month's time, the latter has accepted the *defi*, and deposited $250 in the hands of Mr. Phelan as forfeit, which awaits being covered by a similar amount by Mr. Freeman.

ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH "ON."—Wm. Goldthwait, who recently returned from California, has proclaimed his intention of being the next one to enter the lists for the Championship and the Golden Cue; and as the "dingbats" have been deposited with the proper parties, the match may be considered as "on." The date is fixed for the last week in May next, we are informed.

OUR BILLIARD PICTURE, on the first page of this issue, contains the likenesses of nine of our leading billiard players; of whom the following is a brief biography: MICHAEL PHELAN, ex-Champion, and inventor of all the improvements in the American billiard tables manufactured by the firm of Phelan and Collender, has done more to popularize the beautiful parlor pastime, of which he is considered the father, than any other man. He was born in Ireland in 1817, and is, therefore, 47 years of age.

PHILIP TIEMAN, the defeated competitor in the late Championship match, is proprietor of a billiard saloon in Cincinnati, where he has a first class reputation. He was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, and came to this country when he was but six years old. What his exact age is, we know not, but judge him to be about thirty.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the present champion, possesses skill with the cue that is truly wonderful; hence his exalted position. He was born at Luggar Curran, Queen's County, Ireland, March 5, 1838, being now 26 years of age. He came to this country when two years and to this city when 14 years old.

MICHAEL FOLEY, the toughest opponent Kavanagh has yet had, is now located at Detroit. He was born on December 22, 1838, at the village of Lame, near the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland.

WILLIAM GOLDTHWAIT, the billiard meteor, and the next aspirant for the American Championship, was born at Littleton, Grafton Co., New Hampshire, on February 12, 1842. Taking his youthfulness into consideration (22 years), he is a wonderfully good player.

JOHN DEERY, another youthful billiard wonder, was born in Cincinnati on February 17, 1844; so that he is only 20 years of age, and has been known as an A No. 1 player some three or four years.

LOUIS FOX, of Rochester, N. Y., was born in Prussia in 1833. He is as shrewd as any Fox at the game, and handles the cue with great skill.

VICTOR ESTEPHE, was born in Marseilles, France, on December 3, 1821. He is most skillful in what is termed the three ball French carom game.

JOHN SECREITER, of Detroit, Mich., a former opponent of Phelan, though unsuccessful, and the first to enter the lists against Kavanagh for the Championship, was born at Alsace on the Rhine in 1826; and is now 38 years of age. He has an extensive repute as a first class billiard player.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!—No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.	$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 "	5 " "
Dumb Bells, from	$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 1-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 41-tf

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.—JOHN DWYER, Proprietor.—Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by civility and courteousness to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 1-5t*

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 45-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON," of the Ruins, Weehawken, has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 1-tf

"CLIPPER SHADES,"
52 MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. Clubs, Dumb Bells, Boxing Gloves, free for the use of visitors.
PETER MALLOY, Proprietor.
Private Instruction in the Art of Self-Defence. 1-11t*

"THE PASTIME,"
No. 15 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
Between Broadway and Crosby street.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.
RICHARD HOLLYWOOD,
Proprietor.
N. B.—Private Lessons given in Sparring. 1-11t*

THE LONDON TAVERN,
No. 105 MERRIMACK STREET, BOSTON.
JACK TURNER.....Proprietor
The above establishment is now fitted up in good style, and the Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars are of a superior quality.
The Art of Self-Defence Taught by Jack Turner. 1-2t*

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelry, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing. 1-7t*

TO THE RIDERS and Visitors of the Central Park AND THE BLOOMINGDALE ROAD.—The Proprietor of the well known Waverly Hotel has leased the large Mansion and Grounds from Ninety-sixth to Ninety-seventh street, on the Bloomingdale Road, and opened it as a Hotel and Restaurant. Meals and refreshments served at the shortest notice at all hours. Visitors stopping at the above Hotel will find one of the most beautiful spots on New York Island. The house and lawns command a splendid view of the Hudson River; is well shaded with trees, and is free from dust; and on the grounds are swings for ladies and children. Also, attached to the bar, is an Eating Counter, supplied with oysters, meats, poultry, and game at all hours. 1-1t*

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. 52-tf

THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!—Greatest Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 654 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond streets. MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietor. The gorgeous decorations, architectural beauty, and capaciousness of this mammoth Music Hall are unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Viands, fit for an emperor; grand orchestral music; an unsurpassed Shooting Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 1-3m*

GREAT DOG FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.—Pat Carroll's dog, "Young Boney," and Hughy Riley's dog, "Sirus," fight in Philadelphia on May 5 (day after Harris and Marley's fight), at 34 lbs., for $200. A good time is anticipated in Old Filly. 1-2t*

IMPROMPTU AFFAIR BETWEEN TWO VIRGINIANS.

THE PRIZE RING IN NEVADA.

Ever since the shooting scrape at Daley and McGrath's fight when Muchacho was killed, and Harry Lazarus got hit by several pistol shots, one of which he carries in his body to this day, things pugilistic have been in a sleepy, dormant state. But the subjoined account of the grand milling match between Patsy Foy and Frank Bradley, all of Virginia City, Nevada, where the Monkeys is riding her milk white steed in *robes d'nuit* and pumps, will we think set the ball in motion for more of the same sort. It appears that Patsy and Frank had a sort of rough and tumble imbroglio in one of the most frequented streets in Virginia, the night previous, and not settling the same they agreed to meet on the coming morrow, not in a cottage by the sea, but on the heath, surrounded by only the breezes and treeses. According to appointment, therefore, they proceeded with their friends, on the morning of the 9th of March, just two years ago since the Monitor and Merrimack had their famous set-to in Hampton Roads, to a place called Six Mile Corner. Upwards of one thousand people were present to see the fun, including two females, who appeared to enjoy the sport as heartily as any of the male persuasion. The ring was not pitched on very smooth or even ground, but was the best that could be found for the purpose. Frank Bradley was much the smallest of the two and rather slimly put together. Patsy Foy, although a large man, looked awkward and clumsy, and before the mill commenced had one of his optics shrouded with a dark cloud, showing that he had been using himself rather rough of late. At 1 27 P. M., they had doffed their togs and stood up to contend for honor and settle who was who. Foy won the toss, which was muchly in his favor, as Bradley was obliged to fight up hill all the time.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Having advanced, shook hands, retreated to their corners, and advanced to the mark, and after some sparring and a little scratching, with but few blows, both clinched and Bradley was thrown. (Cheers for Foy.)

2. Both came up smiling, but soon began to look as though hard work was ahead. After some dodging and feints, they clinched and Foy was thrown, but lightly. (Cheers for Bradley.)

3. This was short, and Bradley was thrown, Foy falling on him.

4. After some backing from one side to the other of the ring, the men clinched and an even fall took place. (First blood claimed for Bradley.)

5. The men clinched and Bradley was thrown, Foy falling heavily on him.

6. Bradley came up game as ever, when he got an uphander on the smeller, which made him slightly weaken; the men clinched and Bradley was thrown.

7. Bradley came up to Foy's corner, but only lost by this as he was sent to grass.

8. Foy caught a punch on the peeper and another in the ribs, which seemed to slightly weaken him, and to save punishment he went down.

9 to 28. In nearly all of these rounds but the fourteenth, Foy was either thrown or got down to save his bacon. In the fourteenth Foy sent Bradley kiting by a hot 'un, which so tickled one of the feminine gender that she screamed out, "Bully for 'oo Patsy!"

28. Bradley thrown. There were some blows got in, but most of the rounds to the thirty-ninth ended by one or the other of the men being thrown.

39. After hard sparring, during which both men fought well, Foy got in a lick on Bradley's ear that sent him staggering to the ground. It was now about an even thing between the men to the forty-fourth round.

44. After some manœuvering the men came to their work, and Foy getting the worst of it went down. Bradley walked to his corner and was cheered.

45 to 89. An even fall and both men appeared to gain their wind. At the fifty-first round the men clinched and both came down. There were cries of foul, but the referee decided that it was an even thing. Up to the fifty-seventh round Bradley seemed to be getting the worst of it. At the commencement of this there was great cheering for Bradley, who gained courage and gave Foy the worst of the round; he also threw Foy in the next round, but in the one following, after some sparring, went down to avoid punishment on both sides, and the heads of first one and then the other was in chancery. At the eighty-fifth round Bradley seemed quite weak and went down without being hit; this he did in two or three of the succeeding rounds. Foy asking him what he meant by falling, and some in the crowd crying

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

BY DAVID "BARKER."

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grand but this—I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore
And find the door of heaven again.

Some other "poick," not relishing David's "divine afflatus," perpetrated the following:—

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

BY "A GROWLER."

Full 1800 years or more
I've kept my gate securely tyled;
There was no "little angel" strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep as you supposed,
Nor left the door of heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that "blushing bride," and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by the "good old way."

God grant but this—I ask no more,
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will *not* do as before
And score it to *Old Peter's charge*.

THE ACTOR'S BENEFIT;

AND

HOW THE HOUSE WAS PACKED.

LIKE his celebrated predecessors in management, the good-natured Sir Richard Steele, and the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Elliston, from the natural generosity of his disposition, his love of enjoyment and his lofty disregard, if not absolute contempt, of those paltry considerations, pounds, shillings, and pence, very often found himself in the situation of "a gentleman in difficulties," or as he more delicately expressed it, became an object of great interest to many persons, and was very often carefully looked after.

Like Sir Richard, and the renowned Richard Brinsley, Elliston too was very often, from lack of more satisfactory funds, constrained to pay his creditors in other coin than that issued from the royal exchequer—to wit, promises—in shape of notes of hand, bills of exchange, cognovits, warrants of attorneys, &c., &c.

As in the case of Sir Richard and Richard Brinsley, the principal creditors of Robert William were generally his tailor and his wine merchant; for he liked to take equal care of his inward and his outward man.

Of our hero's ingenious expedients at times to quiet a dun, silence a creditor, and escape from a bailiff, many amusing anecdotes are told, but some fine-skinned sensitiveness having been manifested on the score of Robert William's occasional pecuniary embarrassments, we are not disposed to pry too curiously into such delicate matters. One anecdote, however, shall be related.

All classes do not find their golden and red-letter days fall at the same period in the almanac of life. The landlord and country gentleman have their rent-days to look to as their *point d'appui;* the fund-holder and annuitant have their dividend-days at the bank; the placeman and pensioner pay their regular visits to the Treasury and return as regularly paid; the tradesman has his Christmas bills and yearly accounts to look forward to—not quite so certain, however; but the "poor player" has no day but his Saturday—or rather he has no day at all—for his grand day is a night—his BENEFIT NIGHT!—which is usually as important to his numerous creditors as to himself; all parties equally look forward to it.

It was verging, one summer in the early part of the comedian's career, towards the close of the theatrical season of one of his many country theatres, and the reputed best night in the whole year had been appropriated to the benefit of our manager, who had provided an exceedingly tempting bill of fare for the occasion.

Elliston was a universal favorite, and his benefits invariably proved bumpers; which is not always the case with popular actors. Dowton, though quite as good an actor in private as in public life, and excellent and admired as he ever was, never made a good benefit; and old Delpini, the most companionable of clowns, and in general request from the prince to the apprentice for his social and comic qualities, was equally unfortunate in this respect. It is related of him that meeting a friend one day shortly after he had taken his accustomed "benefit" at the Italian Opera-house, his friend, knowing the usual ill-luck that attended him on such occasions, inquired somewhat anxiously what had been his success.

"What sort of a benefit had you this time, Delpini?" said he.

"Oh, begar, grand benefice, very good benefice, indeed," returned our *Scaramouch*, "I get sixty pound by him dis time."

"Ah, indeed! I congratulate you; but how did you manage to do that?"

"Ah, begar, oui, yes—but I shall tell you all about him. You see, amico mio, I lose a hondred pound de last time I take a benefice, but dis time I only lose forty pound; so dat I get de sixty pound quite clear."

But to return to Elliston—as may be supposed he was much interested in the success of the night in question, but there was another person quite as much interested, and this was a certain wine-merchant and bill-discounter of the town, whom we shall take the liberty of calling Sloejuice, though his real name is well known. This worthy was in the habit of cashing hopeful young gentlemen's post-obit bills, at the moderate discount of some fifty or sixty per cent.; being content, on this "consideration," to wait till the death of their honored sires: a consummation he devoutly endeavored to hasten, whenever he had an opportunity, by furnishing them with a liberal quantity of his fine old port fresh from his own cellar, neat as concocted, its crust and bees'-wing being manufactured *secundem artem*.

This Mr. Sloejuice, in the technical slang of his craft, had smashed two or three bits of stiff for our friend Elliston; in other words he had discounted two or three bills for him, on the most moderate terms of course, besides supplying him with a few dozens of London particular Maderia—particular for nothing else than being really London Madeira, composed as it was in Mincing-lane, of approved Cape, properly devilled with alcohol, &c., &c. The public not having accepted Mr. Elliston's bills quite so freely as he had done those of Mr. Sloejuice, "*No effects*," was the natural consequence, and Mr. Sloejuice's account had amounted with interest, &c., to about eighty pounds.

The bill-discounter had read Elliston's announce benefit bill with great interest, though instead of being headed for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, he thought it ought to have been headed for the benefit of himself, he having fully determined that the whole of his demand should be liquidated out of the night's receipts. Accordingly he applied to a legal friend of his, who lived in the town, through whose agency a *tickler* for the comedian was immediately placed in the respectable hands of Mr. Lumber, one of the principal body-borrowers of the place, who with his faithful follower, Mr. Bill Shackle, playfully called Nabbs by his intimates, soon after departed under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Sloejuice himself, and his foreman, clerk, and cooper, Mr. Broadfist, to hunt after their man, whom they (fortunately as they thought) picked up as he was returning from a late rehearsal, and within an hour of the usual time of opening the doors.

"Vell, I'm blowed," said Mr. Lumber, familiarly tapping the comedian on the shoulder, "but this ere is aproposs; you are the very identical gent as ve vas a looking arter."

"The familiar scoundrel!" muttered the disconcerted actor between his teeth. "Plaguy unlucky—the doors just on the very point of opening too. Can't this business be settled any how, my friend?"

"To be sure it can—nothing so easy," returned Mr. Lumber; "you have only got to pay down the debt and costs—seventy-eight pounds and no mistake, with any little compliment you may like for my being so wery civil; and as the office is already searched, vhy I stashes this ere bit of parchment in a jiffy, and then the job's done—I likes to make things agreeable."

This mode of settlement, however, neither suited Elliston's pocket nor his inclinations; he talked of the usurious interest that had been exacted, the infamous quality of the Medeira that had been supplied, &c., and proposed to give a cognovit at a month. Mr. Sloejuice on his part, strongly objected to any mode of settlement but that of money down; he dwelt on Elliston's want of faith, the number of times the bills had been renewed, and declared the affair must now be finally brought to a close.

"You will be sure to have money enough in the house to-night," said he.

"More, more than enough," said Elliston; "it will hold nearly a hundred pounds, properly packed, and I know it will be crammed. Only let me act to-night, and I will pay you every farthing on the conclusion of the performance—nay more—give you a bonus into the bargain."

"No, no," cried Mr. Sloejuice, "I can't trust you, Mr. Elliston; you forget, sir, you're a *telegraph-actor*—in Bath one night, in London next. If I was to let you play to-night, you'd be up town to-morrow morning, and then it would be all up with me and the receipts."

"Wery just," returned Mr. Lumber, "so you see it's no go, Muster Elliston—vere all on us up to you, sir."

"What's to be done?" cried the comedian, writhing with indignation.

"Let *me* take the money in the front of the house to-night," returned Mr. Sloejuice, "and you may do what you like behind."

"But," said Elliston, "the receipts of the house will be sure to be considerably more than you demand. However, since it seems *nolens volens*, give me a ten pound note, and a release of the present action—which of course will be a settlement of your debt, and I consent. You will have no objection to let me place my own check-takers, I suppose?"

"Indeed, but I shall though," cried Mr. Sloejuice, knowingly: "No, no, Mr. Elliston, I take the money myself in the front of the house to-night, and place my own check-takers, or it's no go—I dont mind giving the ten pounds."

"Well, well," said Elliston; "needs must, you will have your own way I see—but as it's near the time of opening the doors, and I've got to give a few directions from behind, if the thing is to be done let it be done at once."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Lumber, "that's vot I calls quvite right and equivocable, Mr. Hellson; so ve'll just step into the Dolphin here, and over a bottle of your best black strap, Mr. Sloejuice, ve can prepare the dockeyments, and conclude the business all reglar."

This was agreed to; the bottle of black strap was duly brought—which did not bely its name, being an ingenious brewage of vin ordinaire and logwood, doctored with a due proportion of B.B.—British brandy, and almost thick enough to be cut with a knife. Over this precious decoction, the dockeyments, as Mr. Lumber called them, were regularly drawn up and signed, the bottle was emptied, and Elliston received his release from Mr. Sloejuice's demand, together with ten pounds. He then proceeded, according to his agreement, to put the men of dregs and discount into full possession of the front of the house, with all the emoluments and advantages thereunto accruing, to be received by him for his own use and benefit, "for that night only."

Mr. Sloejuice was forthwith formally installed into the money-box, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of brass checks, soon to be exchanged, as he fondly thought, for gold and silver. His fingers perfectly itched at the idea.

There was but one entrance to the pay-place, from which other entrances conducted to the different parts of the house—a common thing in provincial theatres.

Mr. Lumber was placed as check-taker at the gallery door, he being supposed to be more capable of tackling the gods, should they prove at all uproarious, being a known good one with a rum customer. Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, having been used to check the cellar, was placed over the interests of the pit, while Mr. Nabbs begged permission to "vait" on the gentry in the boxes, as he observed he "knowed most on 'em, they being pretty nearly all old acquaintances of his'n."

The manager having now seen them all inducted into their several posts as stipulated, retired to give the directions he had hinted at, observing that he would send a man to open the doors the moment everything was ready. He was as good as his word.

Having got the wine-merchant, to use his own words, snugly bottled up, his first step when he got behind the scenes was to cause one of his largest bill-boards to be fixed at the top of a long pole, on this he put a written placard which ran to the following effect:

TO THE PUBLIC.

TICKETS ADMITTED AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE ONLY.

Pay round the Corner.

With this notice he directed his stage-door keeper to parade backwards and forwards in a conspicuous manner before the front of the theatre at the time of the doors opening, taking care, however, to keep out of the sight of Mr. Sloejuice and his assistant check-takers; though this was easy, as they were safe at their several posts.

A great number of tickets to the boxes and pit were soon presented and admitted, but no money appeared.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Sloejuice, who began to think that he'd got into the *wrong box*.

The fact was, the intimation on the placard attracting the attention of each fresh comer, it really, as had been anticipated, drew all the money round the corner, where, when the payers arrived, they saw another very legible intimation conspicuously posted over the entrance of the stage-door, "PAY HERE," in enormous characters. Accordingly thither they all repaired, where they found Elliston himself in attendance to take the money.

"Pay here, pay here," said he. Four to the pit? thank you, sir,—half a guinea,—two and sixpence," giving change. "Pass on, master carpenter, take the party under the stage, through the orchestra into the pit. Six boxes? thank you ma'am—obliged to admit you this way, the crush is so great in front. Open the side-door prompter. Five gallery,—Wingman, let those gentlemen through the door in the flies into the gallery. Mind how you go up the ladder gentlemen."

As had been expected, there was very soon a tremendous house, the pit was in a short time literally choked.* In the meantime Mr. Sloejuice and the check-takers were much astonished at the apathy of the public. Presently, however, the mystery of no money presenting itself seemed to be explained by a shrill voice outside, which was heard exclaiming,

"Box ticket for half-a-crown, take two into the pit, and save you eighteenpence. Got any tickets, I'll buy them of you. Pit ticket for eighteenpence, take two into the gallery, and save you sixpence."

"Oh ho!" thought Mr. Sloejuice, "it's this that is spoiling the money, is it."

Here he most energetically consigned all persons who sold tickets at the doors to a place much too low to be mentioned to "ears polite," concluding by loudly calling to the woman to come in, and bring her tickets with her.

"How many tickets have you got my good woman?" said he on her appearing.

"Eight box and six pit, sir," said she.

"Give them to me, I'll take them all, there's the money for them: I'll not have the cash spoiled any more to-night if I can help it, so take yourself off as fast as you can, or hang me if I don't give you in charge of the constable."

The poor woman did not want twice bidding, but gladly shuffled away.

But not even the strong measure of buying up the tickets seemed to bring a farthing into the pay-place, and Mr. Sloejuice began to fear that some intimation of the bailiffs being the check-takers had got wind, and kept everybody out of the house.

The performance had now commenced, and Mr. Lumber had enough to do to keep matters at all going; which he only accomplished by biting his name very often in a quart of brandy-and-water previously ordered. Towards the conclusion of the first act, however, a party with tickets who had just been admitted by Mr. Nabbs into the boxes, returned, with the intimation that there was not even standing room. Mr. Sloejuice was electrified, and declared that there must be some mistake.

"Not standing room! How can that be? Why there can be scarcely twenty persons in the house," said he; "the boxes must be nearly empty!"

They angrily reiterated their assertions, and while he was disputing with them the first act ended, and between two and three hundred thirsty souls descended from the lofty regions of the gods, and demanded checks from the astonished Mr. Lumber, in order, as they observed, to procure a little réfreshment.

"Vhy vhere the deuce do you all come from?" said that gentleman, completely astounded.

"Why were should we come from but from up stairs to be sure," said they, "there ain't room there to cough; it's quite picking one's pocket to take one's money; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Vell, I'm blessed!" said Mr. Lumber.

A similar number at the same time issued for egress from the well crammed pit, to the equal amazement of Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Where did you come from?" said he.

"Why from the pit to be sure," said they.

"It must be the bottemless pit, then, for I swear you never came in this way!" returned he.

"Scoundrels!" roared the enraged Mr. Sloejuice, "you have been letting them in without paying. This it is having people for check-takers that don't know their business."

"Vhy, blow my dickey, vot do you mean by that? Nobody passed without a check!" retorted the indignant Mr. Lumber, "so if there's any body to blame it's yourself. It's you as don't know how to take the *money*."

Here some very unparliamentary language passed on both sides, and matters might have become serious, had not the truth suddenly flashed on the horrified Mr. Sloejuice. Precipitately leaving the money-box to take care of itself, he rushed to the stage-door, and obtaining access behind the scenes, easily found the comedian, who was then in high glee. He at once loudly accused Elliston of robbing, cheating, tricking him, &c.

Robert William heard him with the most provoking composure.

"What have you to complain of my good fellow?" said he coolly; "how have I robbed, how have I cheated you? I have kept my agreement, sir, to the very letter. I agreed to give up the front of the house to you, but I said nothing about the back. If you have not turned the front to account, that is your fault, not mine; I have done the best I could with my part of the building, and have not been so much behind as you may imagine. You said I might do what I liked here, you know. You had the advantage of me at first, I own, but I think I have made it equal now. Yes, friend Sloejuice, while you have been waiting to take the money in front, I have been *giving change* for it behind here; so now I think we are about even. I wish you a very good night—take care of the traps!—carpenters, show this gentleman out."

It is but justice to say, that Elliston afterwards (not, it is true, till his own perfect convenience) repaid Mr. Sloejuice every farthing he was entitled to.

*The theatrical public of this place were not like the little girl in the collieries, who refused to visit a dramatic representation when offered to be treated to the pit, alleging that she was sure she should never be amused with anything that was to be seen in a pit—that she had had quite enough of pits in her time, and no one should catch her in one again if she knew it.

SWEETS OF MATRIMONY.—An Arkansas editor got married recently, and has since become very enthusiastic. Hear him:

There is not in this wide world a happier life,
Than to sit by the stove pipe and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on your knee.

DON'T INFER TOO MUCH.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A. S. PRENTISS.

THE CIRCUS.—Hurrah for it! we will say, for there is little use in preaching newspaper sermons against them. We are a people of few holidays, few opportunities for physical relaxation; and for want of something better away out here in the country, the circus will continue to be an attraction. We stand in need of something to "take the starch out" of the dull, plodding public mind.—*Maine Democrat.*

The above item in a newspaper attracted my attention soon after arriving at a hotel

"Away down East where the sun
Throws off his nightcap when his nap is done."

I had been in the British provinces a number of weeks, winding around mountains and toiling over hills, until, when I struck the States at Calais, I was so completely jaded and worn out that I determined upon one day's rest at least; and the paragraph above quoted pointed out the means of enjoyment. The circus was to be held in town the next day, as I learned by the immense colored posters near the hotel.

After tea I took the newspaper again and read the article over. It was a sensible and pungent puff—the whole of it. It was creditable to the head and heart of the editor; and although it doubtless grated harshly over the fine and exquisite sensibilities of those

"Nice, fantastic dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph,
Full of virtue,"

still, among those who have cares besides the feeding of a poodle, the dusting of sofa chairs, or turning the key on the silver ware, the summer circus is a god-send to denizens in the country, and the endorsement given to it by the editor was kind, considerate, and truthful. "Hurrah for the circus!" said I, and the next morning the hurrah of the editor was responded to and echoed for twenty miles around, as the buggies, gigs, saddle-horses, lumber wagons, and vehicles of every kind that came hurrying into town, and were assembled at the barn and around the house fully exemplified.

The whole country seemed to have poured out the people into the streets. Old men and young women—young men and old women—Indians, squaws, papooses—niggers of all shades and hues—vehicles of all kinds except sleighs, fastened to animals of all descriptions except cats—were there. Pedlers of melons, sweet cider, beads, pins, pictures, jewelry, tin pans, matches, blacking, &c., were there. Girls of every hue and (probably) of every character, sloshed along through the street displaying their gaudy colored dresses, and young men with long hair and homespun clothes pushed their stalwart forms along, against, and by every impediment. The gayest colors and the gayest society were out that day, and they all said in their faces "Hurrah for the circus."

Relaxation from labor is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of this mundane life, and the greater the excitement up to a given limit the more beneficial the ultimate result. Our opportunities in this country for local enjoyments of an exhilarating and exciting character are so few that a sameness pervades them all, and abbreviates the enjoyment of any of them. But when a circus comes, there is something to "take the starch out" of this sameness of recreation, something to alleviate the drudgery of life, something to arrest the mind from its beaten track of stateliness, something to captivate for the time the toil of muscle and sinew. This is absolutely necessary, and as there is nothing better than (there is always something good in) a circus, why I say, as the aforesaid editor did, "Hurrah for the circus!" It is a glorious pastime for those of intelligence in the country who have few enjoyments, and few recreative pleasures, and as little chance for relaxation from labor as farmer's sons and other muscimen.

My business called me down the river about ten miles, and to travel that the next morning, and reach Bangor the second day afterwards, was absolutely necessary. By going down the river that evening, by private conveyance, I could finish my business there and take the boat the next morning for Eastport; and there by stage, via Ellsworth, could reach Bangor in time to meet my appointment there. Soon after dinner I spoke to the landlord about a horse and buggy, but it was "circus day," and all the horses and buggies for miles around were engaged. He said, however, that he thought he could introduce me to a gentleman from the town I wished to go to, who, he thought, would not only not hesitate to take me down but would be glad of my company.

Just after the show was out, (and it was a good one,) I was standing in the office of the hotel, (it had been a barroom before Neal Dow got his political reputation,) when the landlord introduced me to a semi-genteel looking individual, and after the usual customary salutation, and one or two remarks on the cause of the crowd, the weather, &c., I remarked:—

"I understand that you reside some ten miles down the river, and as horses cannot be had to-night, and my business is somewhat important, I would like to get the chance to go down there with you, unless you have a load."

"Certainly, sir; certainly. You can go with pleasure. I've got no load. I'm up alone, and would be glad of your company. I shall start about six o'clock, and will meet you here at that hour."

"Thank you," said I, "I shall be here."

I got my satchel ready, got my tea, and congratulated myself on my good luck. The time for starting arrived. The time passed by. Half-an-hour more transpired, and I saw him walking towards me. He had been drinking, even although Neal Dow's influence was then operating throughout that State; but he was not really drunk. The perspiration was oozing from his face, and as he wiped it from his cheeks he said—"the sun was too hot—wait till sundown, then 'twill be better travelling. There's no one with me, and I've got no load."

I urged him to go then; perhaps I urged him stronger than good breeding would warrant; but the countryman was unmoved and immoveable. No importunities had the least impression upon him, no prayers availed. He wanted company down, but he should not go in the hot sun. He finally agreed to come there at eight o'clock, ready for a start, and then he *would* go. And he went off again towards the street he came from.

I became decidedly nervous, not to say fidgety. The pleasure I had experienced at the Circus was fast evaporating, and its place was becoming supplanted by bitter disappointment. I walked over to the Circus tent, and tried to listen to the music. I looked at the elaborate pictures and paintings upon the wagons; I tried hard to kill time, and finally went back to the hotel disconsolate, dejected and disappointed. I had not to wait long, for soon he came reeling along, singing the country catch—

"Come, Philander, let's be a marching."

As he approached me, I asked him if it was not about time we were going.

"Going, yes, course it is."

"Shall I order up your horses?"

"*Horses! horses! I came up on the boat, and I'm goin' down afoot. I aint got no load. Come on.*"

I was not so much in a hurry then, for I thought he had a good load on. I threw my satchel into the office and went to the Circus, where I forgot my peripatetic *friend*, and fully enjoyed the sports in the arena, *and the* ground and lofty tumbling of the acrobats, and finally got into Bangor on time.

A Monody on the Races.

The races that exist in the world are almost countless. We have the race of man, which is called human, and the horse race, which many believe to be inhuman.

Mill races are not conducted in accordance with the rules of the turf. To correct any misapprehension in the minds of those who may not be familiar with mills and their races, we will state that a mill race is a dyke for conducting water from a pond to a mill. What would be more absurd than to see a couple of saw mills in a race around a half mile track! However exciting the sport, mill races of that description would mill-itate very much against the future usefulness of the mills, and result in their final demeralization.

We have explained what constitutes a race to a mill. There is another race to a "mill" when a prize fight comes off.

Horse races have their uses. They serve to teach little boys to imitate their "betters." Then horses, like men, improve by "going around." It is to the horse-race that we are indebted for that charming little ballad in which the vocalist declares that he has placed himself under solemn obligations to "run all night," and to continue that exhausting exercise during the hours illumined by the sun. While announcing his determination to venture what available funds he may have upon the equine quadruped with the abbreviated narrative, he refers to some what confiding gentleman will take a similar risk "on the bay."

By the way, a friend wants to know what "bay" won't do to risk on, and when we give it up, as we always do, he says the "Bay of Biscay." (Oh!) In some countries he would expiate his offense by twenty-four hours under water, or sixty lashes with a stuffed eel.

The foot race is not the least interesting of the races. In this race the biggest footed man don't always accomplish the biggest *feat*. We once witnessed a race between Indians, in which "Fleetfoot" beat "Big Foot" clean out of his boots.

This leads us to speak of another race—the Indian race. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus, a traveling showman, who, in seeking novelties for the next season's business, visited this continent on board of a government lighter. The F. F.'s of Virginia trace that is nearly "run out" (of the State), date their descent from a female member of the Indian race, whose principal business was going around and saving the lives of such unfortunate members of the Smith family as had been exposed to the "war club," a complaint quite prevalent in the early days of Virginia, to which the white man, enervated by the civilization of the fourteenth century, was prone to succumb.

The Indian race was once a splendid race. They were called "the noble red men," although it is a historical fact that there was not a well-red man among them. They chased the deer across the plains, and, until civilization was introduced, were *chaste* themselves. They were warlike, and sometimes fought among themselves, yet their Charleston Conventions were characterized by the greatest harmony. With all their vices, it can never be said of them that they had a Chief by the name of Buchanan, or ever put up a Vallandigham at the head of a State ticket. They were copper-colored, but there is no authentic record of a "Copperhead" among them.

Where now is that noble race of men? Instead of making war they make baskets, and in place of picking quarrels among the tribes, they pick huckleberries among the clearings, to get a living. They smoke the pipe of peace no more—a piece of a pipe satisfies them. The Indian race is nearly extinct this side of the Western frontier, being only occasionally revived at a county fair, where the fastest Indian wins a purse of a few dollars and gets drunk on free whiskey.

BROADWAY BELOW THE SIDEWALK.

Pretty Waiter Girls and Underground Concert Saloons.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE BOULEVARD.

When we were last in Paris, it was our wont, of a sunny afternoon, to promenade the Rue de Boulevards, just for the sake of a flirtation with some of the piquant and lively little *garcons* flitting up and down this fashionable thoroughfare. It is not always necessary to understand a foreign lingo where love is concerned and one has no idea of setting up housekeeping. A look, nod, wink, or squeeze of the hand, is as good as all languages—so that our shilling edition of Ollendorff's French Method was, after half an hour's study, thrown away in disgust, and, in a very short time we learned enough of the dialect to ask for garlic, onions, and chambermaids—three of the most popular articles in the land of the Gaul. Those who have been there need no further remarks of ours to call back their adventures with the pretty grisettes whose motto is "Le moineau en la main vaut mieux que l'oie qui vole," or, to make it more simple for "le petit monde," we should say, a sparrow in the hand is better than a goose on the wing, and a goose on the wing is better than being hauled up by one of the "gens d'armes."

In London the Frenchmen have their particular locality, just the same as Londoners have in Paris. Their head and hind-quarters are around Leicester Square, where everything is conducted as in La Belle France; and you can hear newsboys crying the Parisian evening papers on the streets just the same as our newsboys do the *Spress* and *Post*. As an instance of this, everybody with a French name is sure to take. Leotard made all his money around here, right in the heart of the foreign section; and various other performers have been enriched by adopting some fancy name to attract the attention of the stranger. It is not generally known that we have a Boulevard right here, in Gotham, "but we ha-ave," as Eph Horn would say, and it is on the road which leads to the Dam—McComb's Dam, we mean. Underneath the Occidental Hotel is the Olympic Theatre, and under the Olympic, or next door to it, rather, is a concert saloon. There is an old proverb, "Once so and so, always so and so," and we suppose that refers to this. Our first excursion down the stairs of 626 was the evening of McCoole's exhibition at Mozart Hall, previous to his combat with the Roman-nosed gladiator. At that time it was called the Cremorne Gardens; but we guess Crow didn't intend to eclipse Smith of Drury Lane and the London Cremorne when he christened it—if he did, he missed it, for it was no more like the Cremorne Gardens than Yankee Sullivan was like the Queen of Navarre. Time wore on, and the Crow changed his base, ran for Alderman, lost it by a fluke, laid off for a spell, then opened a bank, closed it, and now the valiant butcher-boy and "jour" cooper is as easy as regards this world's goods as old Peter Cooper, with his one-horse shay. When he quit it, most of his acquaintances gave up the ship also; for a popular man in this town can always command a good delegation. It amuses us to see a man, in advertising his place for sale, add, "and the good will of the concern," as though a perfect stranger could take right hold and do the business his predecessor did. It's all moonshine, this "good will" business—ask Hen Butts or Killikinick. Supposing you were John Heenan, had a place, wanted to sell it, and so on as that; what's to hinder you from starting next door the very next day? and then where would John Abercrombie Gray be all summer? Echo answers where, also.

As we had occasion before to remark, we had shook the Cremorne since the burly Norton had his name on the lamps—lost track of it altogether until, the other evening, as we were leaving the "Laughing Hyena" at the Olympic, the notion came into our head to go down stairs. They make such a glaring show outside that most all the single young fellows go, too, just to see what kind of a resort the Boulevard is. A short time ago our reporter about town straggled into Prussian house, and, although nobody could talk over half-a-dozen words in English, he found out enough to make as much a lion of Leyderwitz as Speyer's Lion Lager Beer. On the same principle the Boulevard was explored. Fortifying ourselves with a dose of French to meet the expected requirements, with some reluctance the underground resort was explored. Putting on a Parisian gait, the bar-tender was saluted with "Avez vous le hot whiskey?" and, as he readily comprehended that, before putting the contents into our stomjack, two or three gorgeous females said they'd have "Avez vous le hot whiskey," too. So far, so good. Ollendorff's Method had done so much; and the "French ladies, in their toast, requested us to "Cuskegeecoramejon," which might have meant, to settle or otherwise. Wishing to keep on the right side of the prettiest girl in the house, a comely, auburn-haired, quiet-looking female dressed in a suit of blue black, she was requested to "squattevous." Here, for the first time, the teacher of foreign languages, or his pupil, fell short, and a peal of laughter from the "pretty waiter" made us begin to suspicion that it was New York we were in, after all, and not Boulogne or Calais. Ordering a raspberry apiece, the glasses containing which added two more rings to the round tables, and then another, this dashing young female, whom people called Emma, "recollected our face," had seen it before, some place; couldn't tell where, probably in Limerick, Coney Island, or Bergen Jail; 'twas immaterial; was most happy to see us; wouldn't mind taking a drink, and all that sort of thing; wrote the residence of her grandmother on a card; stuck it, the card, in the subscriber's pocket in case the St. Nicholas should be closed, and otherwise took great interest in our welfare. Emma seems a very nice girl to get acquainted with—that is, a fine companion, lady-like, and all that. Her conversation was elegant and refined, and her demeanor fit for the White House (not Coburn's) drawing-room.

It came to pass that somebody else more comely to look upon came along, and our "affectionate" friend forsook us and fled. Unlike some people, we neither tore our hair, cussed, raved, or did anything to offend the most fastidious; took it like a philosopher; heard somebody call the name of Lizzie Rose; made believe we knew her, too; she knew us likewise; gave Lizzie the orders; got struck with Lizzie; forgot the other gal if we ever knew her, and thought at least to have this one stay by us, but alas for all earthly hopes, more better dressed folks superseded the literary dustman. Out of the eleven present, named respectively Lottie, Emma, Kate, McCoole, Minnie, Laura, Annie, Anderson, Fanny, Mary, Frank and "Johnny Roche," we didn't hear a single offensive remark; nothing but conversation which would disgrace no marble residence on Fifth Avenue. The gentlemen, too, were of a different class from those seen after midnight at some other hotels—no cropped heads or red shirts, or high brimmed hats, or tight corduroys; but well-dressed, respectable business men met together for social and rational enjoyment.

By request, a couple of the "sprites," as like as two peas, sang a very sweet duet together, accompanied by Walter Smith on the violin, and Piano Tom on the piano. Their names we cannot call, but many who are cracked up as Irish Nightingales, English Thrushes, Black Swans, etc., are not a marker to these same lady amateurs. After the duet, one of them sang that pretty ballad written by Charles Mackey and set to music by H. Russell, entitled "Sunshine After Rain," the sentiments of which are exceedingly beautiful:

I left my love in England, in poverty and pain;
The tears hung heavy in my eyes, but hers came down like rain.
I gave her half of all I had, repressed the rising sigh;
For thinking of the days to come, I put my courage high.
Oh, farewell! I said, as storms pass and sunshine follows rain,
And morning dawns on darkest night, you'll see me back again.

I left my love in England, and sailed the stormy sea;
To earn my bread by daily toil, an honest man and free.
I wrought and strove from morn to night, and saved my little store;
And every summer gave me wealth, and made the little more.
Oh! at length I bought the field I ploughed, the sunshine followed rain;
The morning dawned upon that dark night, and I went back again.

I sought my love in England, and brought her o'er the sea;
A happy man, a happy wife, to bless my home and me.
My farm is large, my plants are small, I bid my care depart;
And sit beneath my own oak tree, with proud, yet grateful heart;
Oh! the children playing round the board, ne'er ask for bread in vain;
The day dawned upon the night, the sun has followed rain.

A song like this often touches the hardest heart and tones down our passions.

The Boulevard is a very neat and capacious saloon, fitted up with galleries and all the paraphernalia of a first class concert hall. The bar faces the entrance door, and the "musicianers" have their station on the right, and its general appearance is like that of Kunton's Champion. The walls are handsomely painted and frescoed, but the girls are rosy enough without either paint or fresco. Before now we have seen pretty lively scrimmages in these establishments, but in the Boulevard they "never have not no trouble no time," because the Boss won't stand it. Every man is treated as a gentleman, and the same is expected in return, and by this means everything is conducted on the square all round. If a man is so disposed, it's just as easy to keep a house nice and quiet as to have it a regular scrapping-ken, and in this business in particular it should be the study of all managers, in the face of the opposition they have to contend against from the law makers and city authorities, to conduct their saloons as orderly as a theater.

Al Howard—a gay and festive young sport, a man amongst men, a jolly good fellow, and a good American, is the proprietor of the Boulevard. He formerly tended bar for Charley Grovesteen, but has now been three months on his own hook, and if the same class of customers go every night as the ones there when we looked in, Al ought to be taking in lots of green-backed pictures of Lincoln & Co. Strange to say, nobody really understands French about the establishment, and the funniest part of it was that the first two men and boy waiters we met were natives of the land of the O'Donnells and Coburns, so that the name is a good caricature. Of course it attracts thousands of our Americo-French residents, and other Gauls passing through the city, but our city and country friends needn't have the same opinion about having to talk French as we had previous to going there. Vive la Boulevards! and bully for Count Joannes!

SHE'S ALL RIGHT.—At the Sixpenny Savings Bank, a little newsboy, without a jacket and only one suspender (and that a string), confronted the teller on Monday, and demanded to know whether "*She was all right*"—meaning the institution—because if she was, he didn't mean to be scared, if everybody else was. He'd got *forty-two* cents salted down there, and all he wanted was his (the teller's) word of honor that it wouldn't spile. The teller assured him that his money was ready for him at any moment. "Nuff said, 'tween gen'l'men, but I don't want it," rejoined the youth, and with a self-complacent, well satisfied air, walked out of the bank. "Is she good?" cried two or three other newsboys, who were awaiting the result at the door-step. "Yes, sirree!" he replied, "as good as wheat. Ketch *our* bank to stop! Yoos ought to seed the gold I seen in der safe." "How much was they?" inquired a companion. "More'n a house full!" was his response. "An' yoos don't ketch dis 'ere chile a makin' an old woman of hisself, and drawin' out his money; I ain't so green—I ain't!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JAS. C. WARNER, Philadelphia.—We have addressed you a letter to "The Press" office.

JACOB ELSON, Memphis, Tenn.—Your letter, contribution and propositions for the future are all most welcome. The games with Leonard will be treasured indeed. He was captured at Savage's Station and exchanged after a short imprisonment; but had no constitution to endure the hardships of a soldier's life, and died at Annapolis of fever and dysentary.

T. P. BULL, Scarboro, C. W.—The game on the part of Egmondville was all the circumstances required, but St. Catharine's play at several points spoils the game for publication; we are confident they can and should do better.

Enigma No. 424.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY DR. REVEL.

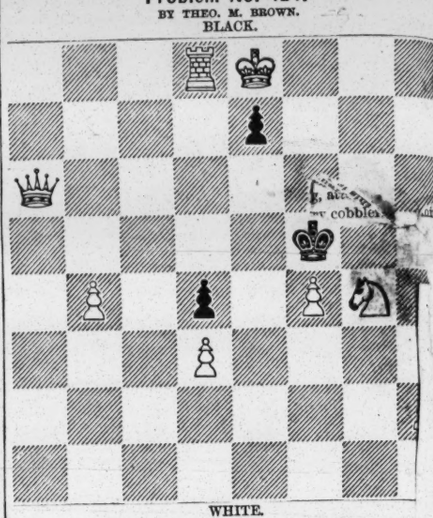
White to play and give mate in five moves.

WE have often promised ourselves to reproduce the following very fine stratagem, but have never seemed to bring it about. We tried to have it as No. 113, but the diagram got smashed in printing, and we think it will be entirely new to our readers.

Problem No. 424.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 424.

Played at the Brooklyn Chess Club between our contrib H. Elder, of Detroit, and Mr. Marache.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack. Mr. Elder.	Defence. Mr. Marache.	Attack. Mr. Elder.	Defe Mr. Ma
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..K B to B 2 (e)	Q to K
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-B
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3 (a)	18..K B-Kt 3	Q-K Kt
4..P-Q 4	Kt × K P	19..Q-K R 4	K B-K
5..Castles	P-Q R 3	20..Kt-K B 3	K B ×
6..K B-R 4	P-Q 4 (b)	21..Q Kt × B	K R-K
7..Kt × K P	Q B-Q 2	22..K R-K sq	Q R-K
8..Kt × K B P	K × K Kt	23..K R-K 3 (g)	Q-K B 3
9..Q-K R 5 +	P-K Kt 3 (c)	24..Q R-K sq	P-K R 4
10..Q × Q P +	K-his Kt 2	25..K R × R	Q Kt ×
11..Q × K Kt	Q-K B 3	26..Kt-K B 7 +	K-his Kt
12..P-Q B 3	K B-Q 3	27..Kt-K Kt 5	Q B-Q 2
13..Q-K 3 (d)	K R-K sq	28..Q R × Kt +	Q × Q E
14..Q-K R 6 +	K-his R sq	29..Kt-K 6 +, and the Defence resigns.	
15..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K B 4		

(a) A Defence that has been most extensively analyzed and trated. See the following variation which we translate direct the "Handbuch."

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defen
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	9..K B × Kt	Kt P × B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	10..Q P × P	Q P × P
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	11..Q-her R 4	P-K R 3
4..P-Q 3	K B-B 4	12..Q B-R 4	Q B-Kt 2
5..P-Q B 3	Q-

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A MODEL MILL IN THE BRITISH P. R.

The match between George Short (*alias* Buck) and Ned Stanton (brother to the Brick Lad) was fixed to take place on March 22, for £15 a side, Short at catch-weight, and Stanton restricted to 9 stone. On account of some misunderstanding between the men and their backers, some of the latter, on each side, agreed to a draw when £9 a side had been deposited. When this arrangement was heard of by the men, Short was much annoyed and explained his supposed bad conduct satisfactorily to his friends, who then wished the match to proceed. Stanton's friends had also excused him, and, there being still time to forward the last deposit to the final stakeholder, a friendly meeting took place, and each man's £6 were sent, and acknowledged by the stakeholder. The "lad" was declared all right in weight, and a suitable place selected, about sixteen miles from Sheffield. They were to be in the ring between eight and nine in the morning, which necessitated an early drive. On arriving at the appointed spot, a policeman was prepared to receive the party, but made no remark while waiting for the arrival of Short, who was rather later than prudence would dictate. The "rural" was joined by another. On the pair seeing the few people present, they said, in the greatest good-humor, that they were ordered to prevent the mill within their jurisdiction, and advised a "move on." Advice so kindly given was instantly acted upon, and over the water all proceeded, and on the top of one of the hills for which the Yorkshire moors are famous, the ring was quickly formed, and both lads shied their caps therein. The person who had been asked on the previous night to be kind enough to name a referee, now did so. The individual named did not appear to suit one of the seconds of Stanton, who, although unable to give any reason why he should be objected to, still persisted, and, had not one of the right sort of people happened to be present, to whom each consented, there would, in all probability, have been no fight. Short was attended by Tom McGrall and Joe Grinold, and Stanton by Ben Garrington, of Birmingham, and a friend of his. A little betting, at evens, took place before the lads took position, the high ground having been won by Stanton—an advantage of importance when we state that he was 2 inches taller, and, at least, 7 lbs. heavier than his antagonist. At a few minutes to ten o'clock, the fight commenced.

Round 1. On being left to themselves, the disparity in size was more than ever apparent. Ned, standing much over his man, and looking a formidable opponent for Short, whose superior style and good, square shoulders, however, appeared to give his friends great confidence. Stanton moved his left arm with great freedom, being advised to use that, in particular, to stop the severe right-handed rib-benders little Buck was remarkable for administering. Each seemed cautious in the extreme, and, as they eyed each other laughingly, while they moved backward and forward, the prospects of a merry mill appeared to improve. Buck then feinted with the left, and Ned jumped away, but returned directly; smart exchanges, Buck on the left eye and cheek, and Ned on the mouth and body; Buck then again got his left on the body, and Ned fell.

2. Little time was lost before Buck landed right and left on the mouth, from which blood flowed. Ned got well on Short's left ear with his right, and they then closed for the fall, and both were down, side by side.

3. Slightly in favor of Short, who fought much straighter and with greater severity than Stanton, who, however, this time, had a little the best of the fall.

4. Ned—who thus early looked flushed, and had a nasty cut on the left eye, the mouth also bleeding—came up laughing, and invested, with his left, on the mouth, and his right on the body, without a return, when Buck got on the "hug," and threw him.

5. In this round the affair was made pretty near a certainty for Short, who got his right full on the ribs twice without a return, the blows resounding all round the ring; he then visited the left eye and mouth with equal severity, and poor Ned, awfully "wild" in the returns (which were quite harmless), was bored down.

6. Ned again made play with the left on the mouth, but without precision, and Short was little the worse for the encounter up to this time. After a bit of a struggle for the fall, Ned threw his opponent.

7. This round was fought badly on both sides, and it was evident the piercingly cold morning was telling on both. Short appeared to suffer most from the cold, and if anything Ned had the best of the round, which he concluded by knocking Buck down with a right hander on the ribs.

8. This was the longest round in the fight, Short foolishly waiting, and appearing very cold, instead of forcing the fighting; eventually Ned tried with the left twice, but was very short. Short now made up for the previous delay, got his right on poor Ned's bad eye, making the old gash larger, and, to make matters worse, administered a third on the ribs. Ned, in trying to equalize matters, got hold of Buck, and, after some trouble, obtained the fall.

9. Long sparring, neither caring to begin, although Short had all the best of the fight, Stanton's visitations having been harmless. After a length of time had elapsed without a blow being struck, each retired to his corner as though the round was over. On coming again to the scratch, Short delivered his left on the body without a return; he then went right up to his man and got all over the frontispiece, whilst Ned was also busy, and landed another good one on Buck's left ear, which was now much discolored. After a struggle for the fall, both were down, side by side.

10. All in Short's favor, both finally down together.

11. Short went straight to his man, hit him five different times with the right on the ribs with fearful severity, and with scarcely a return, and finished the round by knocking the poor game fellow down in his own corner.

12. Although Ned's left eye was fast closing, and the body-punishment plainly telling its tale, the brave fellow never murmured, but obeyed the call or "time" with the greatest punctuality, and in this round paid a visit to the corner of Buck's right eye, raising a small lump; he also got on the left ear with good effect. Buck then crept closer, again landing the dangerous right on the sore ribs, and the left on the mouth, from the effects of which Ned fell.

13 and 14. All in Buck's favor, Ned under each time in the fall.

15. Short, after a little sparring, delivered a thwack bang on the body, and floored Ned, who lay on the ground as though insensible.

16. None but the very gamest could have answered the call of time. Ned, however, obeyed it, though slowly, and, acting on good advice, got down for the next few rounds, after slight exchanges. Short, seeing the plight his opponent was in, humanely refrained from administering the punishment he might have done, for by so doing he might have thrown the fight away, as it was astonishing how Stanton came round, and tried to turn the tide in his favor; yet such conduct cannot fail to be admired.

Altogether twenty-eight rounds were fought, in the last but one of which Ned suffered much internally from the effects of a throw, and Short, in the last round, consenting to make Ned a small present, the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, the fight having occupied 1 hour 4 minutes.

REMARKS.—Little need be said in comment on this fight, as it will be seen that the battle was nearly all one way. Stanton's admirers had evidently much under-valued the abilities of Short, who uses his right with telling force when the opportunity occurs; he is also firm on his legs, and a moderate wrestler. Stanton, the defeated lad, is as game a bit of stuff as ever lived, and, but for the accident in the twenty-seventh round, would have fought much longer. He is short of experience, although the same age (twenty-one) as the victor, and his blows lack steam. Nothing but direct left-hand deliveries could have won him the battle, as those, from his superior reach, would have prevented Buck's right-handers from being landed in the manner they were. Both lads meant business, and that coupled with an unexceptionable referee, the mill was altogether a model one.

DETERMINED MILL AT KING'S LYNN.—A rattling mill came off on March 20th, between two lads—Salt Jack and Young Rowney—about 400 persons witnessing the contest. The referee, &c., having been chosen, the ring was pitched about 10 A. M. So near to King's Lynn was the ring, that the superintendent of the borough force stood on the Common Staithe Quay, and with the assistance of a field-glass was enabled to witness the battle; but, being out of its boundaries, he did not interfere. When the lads stepped into the roped arena, the betting was brisk at 5 to 3 on Rowney. For the first five or six rounds the fighting was all in favor of Young Rowney, when Salt Jack got to his work, and making Rowney's body the target for his fists, did some splendid work, first blood and first knock down being awarded to him. First blood was obtained by a terrific blow, well delivered, above the eye, which cut the eyebrow open. The betting now got round to 5 to 1 on Salt Jack. The last and forty-ninth round was terminated in 57min., the sponge being thrown up by Young Rowney's second, and Jack Salt was hailed the winner.

A GAME AND PROTRACTED FIGHT for £20 a side came off on March 19th, between Charles Carpenter and Jack Lamb, which the former won in 121 *rounds occupying three and a quarter hours!*

Miscellaneous.

GREAT SKITTLE MATCH.—Skittles is a game not so much played in this country as it might and ought to be, chiefly, because it can be played in or out of doors, and is a most excellent exercise for the development of muscle. It is something like the American game of ten pins, only the balls, which are flat like a cheese, are pitched instead of rolled. There are, however, one or two alleys in this city which are well patronised. As a great match was played at Lynn, Eng., on March 22d, we transfer the report from the *Sporting Life* to our columns as an item of interest, and by way of adding variety to the CLIPPER'S first cargo of its XIIth year. The match was between Ben Sexton, of Norwich (who has never been beaten), and Young Strong, of London, and was for £20, each man to fetch his own ball and to set up his own pins, and he who cleared the frame the greatest number of times within the hour was to be the winner. This being a home-and-home match, Sexton selected the pins regularly in use at this alley, which were rather smaller than those used on metropolitan skittle alleys. Strong, winning the toss, sent Sexton to the scratch first, and play was commenced shortly after four o'clock. Several bets were made at the onset that Sexton did not clear the frame more than a hundred times, nor get more than thirty floorers. The following score will show the play:—Sexton (time was called every time the frame was cleared the tenth time): ten times, including four floorers, 4min. 25sec.; twenty times, including eight floorers, 9min. 30sec.; thirty times, including eleven floorers, 14min. 30sec.; forty times, including seventeen floorers, 17min. 57sec.; fifty times, including twenty-one floorers, 23min. 55sec.; sixty times, including twenty-six floorers, 27min. 15sec.; seventy times, including twenty-eight floorers, 33min. 30sec.; eighty times, including thirty-four floorers, 37min. 45sec.; ninety times, including thirty-seven floorers, 42min. 25sec.; 100 times, including forty floorers, 48min. 16sec.; 110 times, including forty-four floorers, 54min. 55 sec.; 120 times, including forty-six floorers, 58min. 55sec. When time was called at the expiration of Sexton's play, the score was 121, and three pins set up for next time. This respectable score very much increased the confidence of Sexton's supporters, and there were plenty of offers to lay 30 to 10 on Norfolk. Play was resumed at the expiration of an hour. The metropolitan man complained, before commencing, of having injured his leg, and his backers were disposed to allow him to forfeit, but he gamely refused to do so. From the subjoined score it will be seen that he had not the ghost of a chance of winning, and his friends got any odds, 100 to 10 being laid several times:—Strong: ten times, including four floorers, 4min. 45sec.; twenty times, including six floorers, 10min. 45sec.; thirty times, including ten floorers, 26min. 25sec.; forty times, including eight floorers, 22min. 16sec.; fifty times, including eleven floorers, 28min. 25sec.; sixty times, including twelve floorers, 34min. 45sec.; seventy times, including seventeen floorers, 40min. 30sec.; seventy-seven times, including twenty floorers, 45min. 30sec. Strong at this juncture gave up. Sexton was therefore an easy winner.

PERPETRATORS OF A † CRUCIFIED.—A very just decision has just been rendered by the British Jockey Club, in a case where two persons named Hitchin and I'Anson respectively, instructed the son of the latter to "lose start, run a wide at the turn, and be sure not to win;" said son being the rider of the horse Telscombe in a selling race at the late Warwick meeting, thus attempting to perpetrate a cross of the worst description. The following is the sentence of Hitchin & Co., who evidently were afflicted with itching palms:—

LONDON, March 21, 1864.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club, with reference to the enclosed case, which they have received from the Stewards of Warwick, do hereby notify to Mr. Hitchin (*alias* "Mellon") that he is warned off Newmarket Heath, and that his horses will not be allowed to run on any course where the rules of Newmarket are in force.

Mr. Robert I'Anson, trainer, who gave instructions to his son, in accordance with Mr. Hitchin's orders, "not to win," is warned off Newmarket Heath, and no horses trained by him shall be allowed to run at Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, or Ascot for two years from this date.

With respect to R. I'Anson, Jr., taking into consideration his extreme youth, and that he was instructed by his father to commit an unprincipled outrage, he will escape punishment, but this act will be registered against him, and a repetition thereof will prevent him from riding races for the remainder of his life.

(Signed) COVENTRY,
H. J. ROUS,
CALEDON D. ALEXANDER.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—According to a challenge issued to Kelley from R. Chambers, of Newcastle, to row for £200 a side and the Championship, the latter attended on March 24th, at the Bells, Putney, to make a match to row in June next. Kelley stated that, in consequence of the forthcoming rowing season promising to be a very busy one, he could not leave his business to row earlier than October, but would make a match for that date with pleasure. Chambers then proposed to row in August, but Kelley remained firm, and, to the great disappointment of a very large company, nothing definite was done. Chambers claimed the Championship, but Kelley said that he could not with justice assume that title, not only in consequence of his willingness to make a match, but from having forfeited £5 to Green, the Australian.

A GRAND WRESTLING CONGRESS on Good Friday, March 28th, terminated their severe exercises in England, the parties thereto being the Westmoreland and Cumberland Wrestling Societies. Space forbids our giving details, but we append the reports of the final bouts:—

FINAL FALL in the tourney of the London were restricted to 154 lbs. R. Coulthard and W. Pearson had to contend for the first prize, the best two out of three falls, and, from the clever manner in which they had disposed of their previous antagonists, great interest was manifested. The excitement was intense, the masses swaying to and fro with each movement of the men. No time was lost before they got hold, and, after a couple of falls, Coulthard feinted with the right leg, and threw his opponent by one of the neatest and cleverest swinging-hipes ever witnessed. The usual breathing-time having expired, on getting together, Coulthard never gave Pearson a chance, as he threw him with a repetition of the swinging-hipe with the right leg, and disposed of the soldier by putting him on his back, amidst loud cheers. R. Coulthard, of Cockermouth, thus received the first prize of £10; W. Pearson, of Carlisle, the second prize of £6; R. Tyson, of Carlisle, the third prize of £3; J. Baines, of Penrith, the fourth prize of £3; W. Gilchrist, of Carlisle, the fifth prize of £1 10s.; T. Bell, of Dercham, the sixth prize of £1 10s.; T. Holmes, Carlisle, the seventh prize of £1 10s.; and W. Roberts, Carlisle, the eighth prize of £1 10s.

FINAL FALL OF 11 STONE MEN OF CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.—Watson and Allison were the two left in, and both being cautious, some time elapsed before a hold was got. Watson then got on a fair swing and put down Allison by the swinging hipe. The second fall was gained by Allison, after being twisted off his legs by the right buttock. The final fall was gained by Watson, after some pretty play, back-heeling Allison amidst loud cheers.

FINAL FALL OF MEN OF ALL WEIGHTS.—G. Maxwell and M. Lee were left in for the final, and were some little time before they got hold, in consequence of their feinting and breaking ground, but when it was decidedly a hold, Maxwell proved himself the stronger man as well as the cleverest tactician by buttocking Lee and giving him a fair fall. After breathing-time had been allowed, Maxwell again proved his superiority by throwing Lee by the swinging hipe, notwithstanding that Lee had put on the stop once or twice. Maxwell received the first prize, consisting of a belt and £10; Lee the second prize, £6; Emerson the third, £3; Slack the fourth, Witham the fifth, Moses the sixth, and Blair the seventh, and this concluded one of the best day's sport ever put forth to the world as regards a wrestling meeting.

THE CRICKET SEASON of 1864 in England, which always commences on Good Friday, has opened rather earlier than usual. Nevertheless the turn out was large, and the cool weather did not restrain the enthusiasm of those who wished to "have a hit" or "bowl him one." The arranging of grand matches is deferred on account of the team absent in Australia. A re-arrangement of the "two elevens" until their return is proposed, as follows:

UNITED.—Iddison, Mortlock, Grundy, Griffith, E. Stephenson, Jupp, M'Intyre, Brampton, Bell, James Lillywhite, and Biddulph.

ENGLAND.—Willsher, H. H. Stephenson, Daft, Wootten, Rowbotham, Thewlis, Bennett, Hearne, C. Daft, Sewell and Mudie.

A TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME, for £25, came off on March 21st, near Lynn, a Mr. Brown's (not Col. T. A.), bay mare, aged, having been matched to trot sixteen miles within the hour. The betting was 2 to 1 on time. The mare was driven by Mr. Brown, jun., and failed to accomplish the feat by six seconds. The mare was not sufficiently trained, added to which, she was not well driven.

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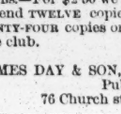

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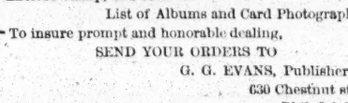

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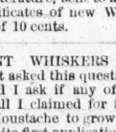

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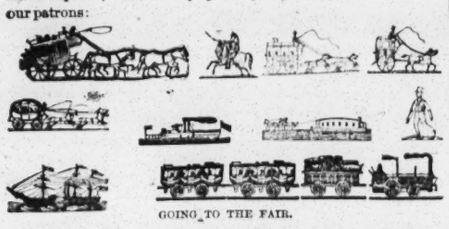
City Summary.

MONDAY, April 11, 1864.

"ALL IS FAIR in time of war," said the celebrated equestrian, John Gilpin, or some other noted character; and never was this truth so strongly exemplified as at present, in this same goodly city of New York, where the Sanitary Fair is setting us all wild, and affording a source of attraction for our country cousins which has not been equalled since the day we laid out the Atlantic cable, and ourselves at the same time. You haven't been to the Fair, maybe. We annex a series of illustrations of the Fair buildings, got up "regardless of cost:"

If you want to be trained down a little, or reduced a trifle, go in, and like the lemon we so frequently hear of, get squeezed. We tried ourselves there on the 7th inst., a 50 cent day, by-the-by, which we were not aware of at the time, or we should not have risked it. We know that we were all there when we went in, but by the time the mob carried us around, and dumped us outside again, we felt kind o' thin, and experienced a sort of goneness. You've seen 'em "reduce" a fellow with a grindstone, in the pantomime, haven't you? Well, we felt just as flat and suppressed on emerging from the portals of this fair, as the grindstone victim in the play. Gracious knows, as the old lady said, "it's a puzzle where all the people come from, when so many men are at war!" They have been piling into the city from all sections of this "wide domain," as the pretty writers call it. They come in stages, coaches, and all sorts of contraptions, as the reader may see by looking at the annexed cuts, which we have had engraved at "enormous expense," theatrically speaking, expressly for the benefit of our patrons:



GOING TO THE FAIR.

And the women! *And* the children! Oh! you never saw such a mess of 'em. They get so tangled and mixed up in the general scrush that a man can pick out anybody else's wife before he can his own, and a good many do it, too. Children are mashed in the crowd, beyond hopes of recognition. Oh! but it's gorgeous to be at the Fair, and no one should miss the fun and the squeezing and the pretty girls to be seen there. Here is a picture of a Fair girl as designed by our special artist:

The Fair has thus far realized about half a million of dollars, and the prospects are lively for another half million.....Friends, we commence our series of "talks" for the twelfth volume with much encouragement, and we ask the attention of an infatuated public to our work. We have been led to undertake this job from an impulse springing up, and, by-the-way, talking of springing up, what is more springy than a frog? To see this unaccountable insect going by jerks, and standing when he sits, in the green fields—and speaking of fields reminds us that a grave yard affords a grand field for experiment: if you stand beside a grave yard, of a moonlight night, and cast a stone therein, you will soon be able to form a pretty correct estimate as to the speed a grimalkin is capable of attaining. As we were about to remark, if we misquote and twist a few passages of Shakespeare or Horace Greeley, and if we damage common sense and revelations by building tremendous conclusions upon insufficient premises, or no premises at all, you ought to be grateful to us for the triumph we achieve for you over the reasoning powers of men of intellect, who will swallow our pills of nonsense for the sugar coat of artistic matter which envelopes them, for our opinions are certain to be endorsed by them, and as a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, the CLIPPER will be read by all whose imaginations are an infringement of Good year's patent. Having thus relieved ourselves, we cannot do better in offering our weekly dish of amusements, than to remind our cotemporaries of the soul-stirring lines of the poet, when so truthfully he says:

Steal not these things, my *honest* friend,
For fear the gallows may be your end;
The gallows is high, the rope is strong,
And every moment you think you're gone.

PICTURE OF AN "HONEST FRIEND" WITH THE THINGS.

.....In breaking ground for our twelfth annual cruise, it gives us much pleasure to note the prosperous condition of amusements of all kinds. Theatres, minstrel halls, circuses, music halls, sensation preachers, all are doing an immense business, and making money by the cart load, to use a figure of speech. Let the "indefatigable and appreciative" reader cast his eyes over our well-filled columns. Are they not brimfull of cheering accounts of all places of public amusement? In the East, in the West, in the North, aye, and even in the South, as far as we have penetrated, reports are more encouraging. Great luminaries and little twinkling stars in the theatrical firmament cast their rays in pleasant places, and warm up the sensibilities of the groundlings to theatrical fever heat. All right; amusements but serve to reinvigorate and fit us for the duties of the morrow. As Mrs. Hubbard, of cupboard renown, once said—"All work and no play [meaning, doubtless, no theatre] makes John a dull boy," and the old dame was correct in her reckoning. Our love of amusements is increasing day after day; new theatres, minstrel halls, music halls, and similar places are being built all over the country. In the undisguised language of Cleopatra, who bit herself with a snake,—

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent [except Mexico] is ours."

Let us go in, therefore, and improve the chances; "laugh when we can" and "sup sorrow with the poor." And now, in the expressive words of Brother Beecher, having shown you how we stand, where we are, and what we are going to do, we will proceed to discuss the news of the week, and record the doings of the theatres and show places generally.

BRASS BANDS can be supplied with superior instruments and music by H. W. Deacon (leader of Dodworth's Band), of 171 Elm street, on reasonable terms. See advertisement in another column.

DAN BRYANT was on Saturday last, subsequent to the evening entertainment, the recipient of a valuable testimonial of personal esteem and respect, in the shape of a magnificent solid silver banjo, of exquisite manufacture, made by — Dobson, of Bleeker street. The beautiful rosewood case, in which it was contained, bore upon the lid a silver shield with the following inscription—"Presented to Dan Bryant by J. J. D., G. S., and J. S. P., April 9th, 1864." At a later period of the evening, Dan was also the recipient of a splendid signet ring from a valued personal friend, as a mark of esteem.

TONY DENIER, the celebrated clown and gymnast, is now lying at the New York Hospital, suffering from a dislocated hip, caused by a fall from the trapeze. Tony is the pantomimic artist lately performing at the Old Bowery, where he was very popular. Visiting days are on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 5 o'clock P. M., and Tony would like to have his friends call and see him.

THE OPERA dropped off somewhat after the Fair got fairly under way, but "Faust" drew a good house on the 8th. This opera fetches 'em when everything else fails. One of the secrets of its success is, that it is "the thing" to be at the opera on "Faust" nights, and splurge in the best the dry goods market affords.

BLACK OPERA, under the *impressariaship* of Dannelli Bryanti, more than keeps pace with the 14th street shop, for nothing stops a crowd from gathering at Mechanics' Hall. If the boys could enlarge their hall by taking in Crosby street, we believe they would still turn money away. We tried to edge in at 472 Broadway one night last week, but we got squeezed worse than at the Fair, and we therefore beat what a brigadier general would call "a masterly retreat."

MARIE ZOE, the beautiful pantomimist and *danseuse*, put in one week at the New Bowery, closing on the 9th inst. Her "French Spy" drew excellent business, and her personal charms and graceful *poses* were much admired and commented upon.....Zoe gives place to the new drama, by J. F. Poole, called "Cudjo's Cave, or the Battle Cry of Freedom," announced for this evening, 11th, on a scale of grandeur not seen at this house for several months. Mr. G. C. Bowlsee, Miss Kate Newton, Mrs. W. G. Jones, and Geo. Brookes are among those cast in "Cudjo's Cave."....Tuesday evening, 12th, the entire receipts, without deduction, are to be given by Mr. Leggard to the Sanitary Commission.

THE YOUNG American tragedian, as Mr. Edwin Booth is called, is meeting with much favor at Niblo's Garden, where his "Fool's Revenge" seems to please so well that it has been found unnecessary to take it off the boards. This week, however, is announced as the last of this revengeful play for the present, and next week will conclude Mr. Booth's engagement at this popular place of resort.

TALKING OF theatres, the Winter Garden is now in the keeping of Edwin Booth and J. S. Clarke, those gentlemen having secured a lease of it some two or three weeks ago, the terms of the contract to begin with the expiration of Mr. Jackson's season, in a few months; but owing to domestic affliction, Mr. Jackson, we are informed, has already retired in favor of the new lessees, Mr. Stuart acting for them in the capacity of manager. With the Winter Garden in their possession, and the Walnut, Philadelphia, also belonging to them, and we don't know how many more places, Messrs. Booth and Clarke will have their hands full. We admire their spirit, however; our theatres, generally, have heretofore been under the control of the foreign element, but of late our people have commenced to look to their own interests, and to do a little managing on their own hook.

LENT'S AMPHITHEATRE closed for the season on the 9th inst., and will at once prepare for the traveling campaign, which is at hand. Lent's concern last season did a splendid business, both in the States and the Canadas, and from what we can learn of the character of the show for the coming spring and summer months, we fully expect that Manager Lent will have another brisk campaign.

YANKEE LOCKE was in the city last week, after performing a series of engagements out West. He goes among the F. F. V.'s this week, opening at Alexandria, Va., on the 14th.

WALLACK'S was slightly hurt by the Fair last week, but the business is still fair. "Rosedale" and old comedies rule the roast at this up-town house.

"GOING TO THE FAIR" is the "apropos" title of a laughable sketch to be brought out by Wood's Minstrels this evening, and during the week. It is full of sport and jocular hits, and no doubt the concern will go off with "much vim." The crowds constantly going to the Fair didn't affect the business of this house, extra seats having to be placed in the aisles several nights during the week. Charley Fox is in Fair form again, Frank Brower looms up as serene as ever, and Boyce, the other comedian, keeps his end up with commendable precision.

"CUDJO'S CAVE," a new sensation, was produced at the Old Bowery, for the first time, on Saturday evening, April 9th, in presence of a large audience. It was more of a rehearsal performance, and this week we may the better be enabled to see and judge of its merits. We understand that Manager Fox has tried himself on this piece, and that numerous auxiliaries have been engaged to give effect to the beauties of the performance. In our next we shall speak at length concerning "Cudjo's Cave," and those who figure in it.

THE ANIMALS can be seen at the Menagerie until Thursday evening, April 14th, only, as the elephants and other folks must immediately pack their trunks preparatory to taking to the road for a living. The Menagerie of Van Amburgh & Co. has proved one of the most successful exhibitions ever given in this city, the receipts of the season reaching beyond all calculations. This great collection of living animals will now return the visits of our country cousins. Stand aside for the "Bullephant" and "Hyppochorean," the "Tropocomcater" and "Bazilicum."

THE THEATRICAL working men gave a ball at Irving Hall on the 4th inst. It was well worked up, and added to the funds of the society.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS renew their performances at Niblo's Garden, at the close of Edwin Booth's engagement, which will probably be about the 25th inst.

444 BROADWAY contains enough of the fair element to satisfy the tastes of all lovers of the female form and feminine loveliness, for the *ballet* is composed of a brief regiment of fresh and gushing damsels of fifteen summers and upwards. What a luscious sight they present, how they dazzle and bewilder one's perceptive faculties, and what a lot of apple dumplings they consume when not on duty. And amid this array of beauty we find our old friend Charley White located, telling his Ethiopian yarns, singing nigger melodies, and dancing high, low, Jack, as they used to do it "down in Alabam." But there's so much to be seen and heard at Mr. Butler's American Theatre, that we cannot spare the space to further particularize, except to say that in Mons. La Thorne, the stage manager, 444 has a strong hand. He is one of the most efficient stage directors in the country, and what is to the point, La Thorne don't know that we are saying this about him.

E. LAMB, at present with Wheatley's company at Niblo's, goes with Mrs. Wood next season.

FRANK DREW has not increased his popularity at the Olympic by his Irish characterisations; those who saw his brother, the late John Drew, in Irish parts, are very apt to make unfavorable comparisons when they see Frank on the Irish horse. Burlesque is probably Mr. D.'s *forte*, and he would do well to stick to that line of biz.

OAKEY HALL, who wrote such a gushing and tender epistle to Billy Florence, after witnessing that gentleman's performance of the "Ticket of Leave Man," at the Winter Garden, has made a new extravaganza out of Planche's old one of "Fortunio," and it is to be served up, with caper sauce, at Mrs. Wood's Olympic, this evening, April 11, for the first time here. As adapted to this region of country, it is called "Loyalina; or, Brigadier General Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants." One gifted servant is a novelty now-a-days, so what must these seven be? In order to give full effect to the author's ideas, Mrs. Wood will bring out the sketch with new music, machinery, properties, costumes, and everything calculated to ensure its success. In the cast are Mrs. Wood, the bold brigadier; Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mrs. Grener, Miss A. Harris, Mrs. Young, Mrs. G. Browne, Mr. Frank Drew, W. Davidge, T. Owens, etc. A new comic drama called "Our Wife," is also on the bill. Let us all go and see "Our Wife" and the "Seven Gifted Servants."

MISS EMMA WEBB lectured on Miss Anna Dickinson, at the Cooper Institute, on the 15th instant, and the principles advocated by the young lady in that lecture will probably be the means of throwing her back a couple of years. We go in for free discussion, and have no objection to the lady lecturing as often as she thinks it will pay, but when she attempts to bolster up such disloyal characters as Vallandigham—whom she terms "the glorious and patriotic Vallandigham"—and endeavors to play the catspaw to a clique of domestic traitors, she must take the consequences, and these consequences will follow her, we fear, should she resume her dramatic performances. Miss Emma Webb, by her lecture, has injured the reputation of the "Webb Sisters."

MISS AVONIA JONES, daughter of "Count Joannes," made her first appearance in this city on the 4th inst., at the Winter Garden, in a new drama based upon the Apocryphal story of "Judith," the daughter of Marari of the tribe of Reuben, widow of Manassah, and all that sort of thing. She was the slayer of Holofernes and the deliverer of the Israelites at a critical period of their history. The story is a simple one, illustrating but one passion, and that a most lofty and sublime one,—devoted, religious and all absorbing patriotism. Messrs. Delisle and Daly, of this city, are the new authors of "Judith." Although placed upon the stage in a superior style, (a novelty at this house,) the piece proved a little too heavy, and in that respect operated somewhat to the disadvantage of Miss Jones; but nevertheless she was well received, and made a fair impression upon the audiences in attendance during the week. When she appears before us in some of those plays in which she achieved fame abroad, she will meet with even greater favor.

HINGSTON, the gay and festive agent for "Artemus Ward," dropped in to see us on the 8th inst, and left town the following day for Boston, where he and the "wax figger man" hold council as to future movements.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN, wife and daughter, arrived in this city on the 9th inst. by steamer Illinois from San Francisco.

BY A NOTICE elsewhere, it will be perceived that the great sensation drama in three acts, called "The Ticket of Leave Woman" can be obtained by theatrical managers and others by addressing Mr. C. K. Fox at the Old Bowery Theatre. The drama was written by the popular young American authoress, Mrs. C. K. Fox, and was very successful at the Old Bowery. It is a fit companion for "The Ticket of Leave Man."

THOSE THEATRICAL AGENTS, Messrs. Conner & Co., have by dint of energy and perseverence, as well as advertising in the CLIPPER, built up an extensive business, and now act for a large number of persons, including managers and performers. This week, as will be seen on reference to another column, they advertise in the CLIPPER the business of those first class stars in their respective *roles*, M'lle. Marie Zoe, Leo Hudson, Kate Fisher, Susan Denin, and Alice Placide.

WIGS for theatrical, minstrel, and show people generally, can be procured of Paul De Spotte, 15 West Houston street. See Mr. De Spotte's card in another column.

BANG UP BANJOS, that will stand banjing about, are manufactured by Bogan, the banjo man. Bogan also bangs banjo playing into the brains of banjoistic aspirants. See his advertisement.

Dramatic.

THE METROPOLITAN, San Francisco, was closed for a brief period for the purpose of making some alterations in the front part of the house. The entrance to the gallery is through where the old box office stood, and the box office is placed in the centre of the lobby. The re-opening took place on the 2d of March, with the following company: Frank Lawlor, G. Mitchell, Thomas McKeon, Fred Franks, W. B. Hamilton, J. H. Ruby, F. Percy, S. Archer, J. S. Torrence, J. Rice, E. N. Thayer, J. Thomas, Mrs. S. Stark, Mrs. Franks, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Stackhouse, Mrs. Hines, Miss C. Fillmore, Emily Jordan, and Mrs. Judah. The Metropolitan is still under the management of Mrs. Stark and Emily Jordan, with McKeon as acting and stage manager. "Leah" was produced on the opening night, the principal portion of the cast being as follows: Joseph, Frank Lawlor; Lorenzo, G. Mitchell; Father Hermann, Thomas McKeon; Leah, Emily Jordan; Nathan, E. N. Thayer. A large audience, it is said, witnessed the initial performance. On the 11th of March "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was performed, with Lawlor as Uncle Tom, Mrs. Judah as Aunt Ophelia, Emily Jordan as Eliza Harris, and Miss C. Chapman as Topsy.

LYNCH AND HARDY'S theatrical troupe have been playing the burlesque of "Mazeppa" at Carson City, N. T. On the 26th of February the farce came near ending in a tragedy. Carrie Chapman, in a sword encounter, was, by accident, struck across the temple with her adversary's weapon, and sank senseless on the floor. She was promptly removed to the green room, and a physician was sent for immediately. The occurrence created a great sensation for a few minutes, but the audience, having been informed that the wound was not fatal, dispersed in good order. At last accounts Miss Chapman was recovering rapidly.

MR. WALDRON'S TROUPE—Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, Sallie Goodrich, &c., left Portland, Oregon, on the 1st of March for the Dalles. By the way, we are informed that Mr. Pierpont Thayer and Sallie Goodrich were lately married.

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON sailed from San Francisco, March 5, to join Mr. Ward's company at the Willamette Theatre, Portland, Oregon.

THE MENKEN was playing to crowded houses the second week in March at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T. On the 7th of March an audience, netting to the treasury of the Opera House some $1,300, was present.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his daughter Virginia commenced a three night's engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 1st of March.

AT MAGUIRE'S Opera House, San Francisco, the "Ticket of Leave Man" was produced on the 4th of March, and was played four nights. On the 9th, "The Duke's Motto" was re-produced, with Frank Mayo as Lagadere, and Sophie Edwin as Blanch de Nevers. On the 11th of March a farewell benefit was tendered Mr. and Miss McKean Buchanan. "London Assurance" was performed, with Mac as Sir Harcourt, Miss Virginia as Grace, and J. H. Allen as Charles Courtly. Some of the papers out there say Buck has played himself out.

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, last week. McVicker, it is said, proposes soon to expend $20,000 in the enlargement and decoration of his theatre.

THE CHICAGO MUSEUM has been playing the "Ticket of Leave Man" with success. Bradley is said to be *immense* as the Jew, and Aiken's Bob Brierly is good. Miss Woodbury, a new accession to the company, is highly spoken of. She is pronounced to be one of the finest actresses seen in the West.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, Ohio, is doing an excellent business, which highly satisfactory state of things has stimulated Manager John A. Ellsler to greater efforts to please. As will be seen on reference to our advertising columns, he is already recruiting for the fall and winter campaign, and wishes to engage talent of both the male and female persuasion for eleven months. It is hardly necessary for us to caution those interested to make a note of the same.

KATE FISHER'S late engagement in Montreal, C. E., proved a very lucrative one to bonnie Kate. She brought her stay there to a close on the 8th inst., on which occasion she took a complimentary benefit.

THE TROUPE OF ARABS are performing this week at the Montreal Theatre, C. E. M. W. Fiske, the low comedian, is also there.

MR. J. W. LANERGAN returned to Detroit with his theatrical company for a season of four weeks, opening there on the 4th inst., at Young Men's Hall, with "Richelieu."

MISS STONEALL has withdrawn from the Boston Theatre to accept an engagement at the Chicago Museum.

LOTTY THOMPSON was the star last week at the New Nashville Theatre. She introduced her play of "Little Barefoot," and it succeeded in attracting excellent houses during the week.

AT THE OLD NASHVILLE THEATRE, notwithstanding the very inclement state of the weather last week, Mr. and Miss Couldock were well received by large and appreciative audiences. The play of the "Willow Copse" was the principal attraction offered during the week by these artists.

THREE DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS were lately given in the church at Peterboro, N. Y., for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. A correspondent says the church was well filled by the citizens of the place on the first two evenings. Buckstone's comedy, "The Irish Lion," was finely performed each evening. On the third evening, March 22, the crowd filled every nook and corner, for, in addition to the other attractions, the Hon. Gerritt Smith appeared in Moorish costume, and declaimed in fine style "Othello's Address to the Senate," etc. His daughter, Mrs. Miller, appeared as Desdemona. This was Gerritt's first appearance on any dramatic stage.

THE SINGING BIRDS of Italian origin are peculiarly uncertain, and even when you have them safely caged there is no certainty that an inopportune cold will not intervene to freeze the notes in their throats, and prevent in return a corresponding issue by the public, in postal currency. Even when the aviary is all right, the director, *Empressario*, as it is the fashion to term him, may trip up, and thus is it with Max, sir-named Maretzek. Manager Pike, of the Cincinnati Opera House, made a positive engagement with Maretzek to bring his company to that city and commence a short season of Italian Opera at his house on the 11th inst. For the past three or four weeks manager Pike has kept the troupe underlined on his bills, and in view of the engagement, arrangements were made by Mr. Pike to play his dramatic company, during the opera season, in Cleveland, Ohio. At the last moment Max quietly informs Mr. Pike that he cannot fulfill his engagement in Cincinnati. All of which will tend to lessen faith in Max's contracts.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Elmira, Miss Charlotte Crampton was the star last week. On the 2d inst. she appeared as Hamlet to the Ghost of Mr. Leak. This lady's engagement was announced to terminate on the 7th inst.

THE STOCK COMPANY continues to draw paying houses to the Academy of Music, Albany. On the 7th and 8th inst. "Richelieu" was performed. "Rob Roy" and "Jessie Brown" are underlined, as being in active preparation.

MISS EMMA CUSHMAN took her first benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on the 6th inst. Dickens' domestic drama of "Dot" was performed.

MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON, who has been connected with the Southern theatres for some months past, made his first appearance this season at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 4th inst., playing Hawkshaw to Susan Denin's Bob Brierly in the "Ticket of Leave Man."

MR. GRAU, of Italian Opera renown, has instituted a suit against the *Volksblatt*, a German paper published in Cincinnati, laying the damages at $72,000. Wonder if the *Volksblatt* chap can make up the amount. It's a heavy stake, and will help Grau along wonderfully—if he gets it all.

HARMONY among musicians is not always the rule, but occasionally they agree wonderfully well. A case in point, and what comes of it. During the recent performances of the Davenport-Wallack combination at the Brooklyn Academy, the storm necessitated a postponement of the "Iron Mask," which was to have been played. About a dozen persons were there who had purchased tickets, but their money was returned. Among those who had assembled, also, were the orchestra, who thinking they were not required that evening, demanded their pay all the same, and that in such a manner as to elicit a practical rebuke from the manager. Finding them so clamorous for pay for services not rendered, he made them occupy their accustomed seats in the orchestra and ordered them to play before an audience composed of himself and such of the company who had nothing better to do, and for an hour considerable fun was had by the party, who quite enjoyed the extemporized promenade concert. Those performers were then dismissed, and the next night new men filled their places. Well, we don't see that the musicians were wrong: they had previously been engaged for that evening, and probably threw up other engagements to accommodate the Academy people. They could less afford to lose than the combination could. It was not their fault that a large audience was not present. Honor 'bright, and shame the devil.

YANKEE LOCKE concluded his engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 2d inst., and we learn that his brief stay there proved in every respect not only a most brilliant one, but one of the most successful played by any star this season at that establishment. The following notice we clip from the *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle* of March 31st.

MR. LOCKE AT THE THEATRE.—Mr. Locke appeared again at the theatre last night to a large and highly intelligent audience. Every seat was occupied, and never have we seen a performance give more thorough and genuine satisfaction. Mr. Locke we regard as the most successful delineator of Yankee character who has ever appeared on our stage. We have seen in our time Yankee Hill, Josh Silsbee, and other celebrities in this line of business, but in the fidelity with which Mr. Locke delineates the traits and peculiarities of the Yankee character, he surpasses them all. The great fault of all Yankee Comedians who have heretofore appeared before the public as representatives of Down-Easterism, has been a species of gross exaggeration and over-coloring, which, whilst it might please or amuse by its ludicrousness, nevertheless failed to accomplish the great "purpose of playing which was from the first, and is now, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature." Thus, though the peculiar nasal twang with which other Yankee performers have invariably delivered the "words set down for them," has never, perhaps, failed in its effect on the "groundlings" and the injudicious, still, those who look upon the stage as a mighty picture of things as they have been or as they are, have felt keenly the lack of reality in all such delineations. Mr. Locke has nothing more of this same twang than actual circumstances justify. His performances are marked by a subdued gravity of demeanor and gesticulation which, though less broad as a caricature, or rather no caricature at all, unmistakeably stamp upon his acting the impress of genius. And when it is remembered that since such characters became popular in this country it has been the invariable custom to misrepresent and garble every feature of Yankee life and custom, no little credit is due an artist who boldly sets aside the trammels of usage, and divesting his *roles* of much that has rendered them the rage, appears in a proper, truthful, and natural shape—that of a *real* Yankee. Mr. Locke appears to-night as Jedediah in the "Green Mountain Boy," a character in which he has never been approached—and to-morrow night he will take his benefit. Apart from his admitted merit as an artist, there is no more worthy or honorable gentleman on the stage; and we are glad, therefore, to see him do such a fine large business.

On the 14th inst., Mr. Locke commences a short engagement at Ford's New Theatre, Alexandria, Va., appearing in a round of his peculiar characters.

THE WALLACK-DAVENPORT Combination follow Laura Keene at the Walnut, Philadelphia, opening on the 11th inst.

THE NEW CHESTNUT, Philadelphia, continues to do well with the "Octoroon," the piece drawing most excellent houses ever since it was first put on the boards there. Mordaunt's McCluskey is well spoken of by the press of Philadelphia.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE remained last week at the New Albany (Ind.) Theatre, her success indacing the manager to re-engage her. She was supported by Mr. W. M. Holland's company.....On the 11th inst., she was to commence an engagement of two weeks at Evansville, Indiana.

"ROSEDALE" was produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 4th, to a crowded house. Mrs. Jno. Drew made her re-appearance on the occasion as Rosa Leigh. The piece is well cast—Barton Hill sustains the character of Elliot Gray. The tableau in the Starlit Dell, at the end of fourth act, is nightly *encored*. The scenery, by Hawthorne and R. S. Smith, is magnificent, as are also the properties and costumes. "Rosedale" promises to have a successful run at the Arch.

LAURA KEENE and troupe closed their engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 9th, when was produced a new version of "East Lynne," dramatized under the supervision of Mrs. Wood, the authoress. Laura Keene appeared as Lady Isabel. Miss Keene's engagement has not proved very remunerative.

AT THE GERMAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, business none of the best. "Othello" was given on the 8th. The management at this establishment, "Hawkshaw" says, is too close with money, as they will not produce any piece on the stage as it should be, the properties, costumes, and scenery being of the poorest kind.

JOHN M. NICKINSON'S death was recently noticed in our paper, and we are now in the receipt of a letter from a son of the deceased, requesting us to make a correction in our notice. His letter, we should mention, ought to have reached us some weeks ago, but the gentleman to whom it was entrusted did not hand it to us until the 9th inst. Here is the letter referred to:

QUEBEC, 3d March, 1864.

DEAR SIR—In common justice to my mother, Mrs. Nickinson, I beg to request that you will correct a statement made in your issue of the 27th ultimo, that the late Mr. Nickinson, whose death you so kindly notice, was *twice* married. This I must deny. My father left but *one* wife, my mother, who is now living, four daughters and myself, a clerk in the Civil Service of Canada. He was never divorced, and therefore *could* not be twice married. Again thanking you for your kindness, I trust that you will permit me to further trespass on it by asking for the insertion of the above in your next.

Yours truly, JOHN NICKINSON.

O'HARA AND HILL'S Dramatic Company was performing at Oswego, N. Y., last week. On the 8th inst., the evening's entertainment was for the benefit of Lizzie Smith and George H. Barton.

JOHN S. CLARKE continues the star at the Holliday, Baltimore. His benefit on the 8th inst. is said to have been a big affair.

LUCILLE WESTERN did a good week's business at the Front, Baltimore, last week. The *Clipper* of that city says: "This young lady is a lively, tuttling piece of gaiety, with a spice and piquancy that render her as delicious and agreeable as a shower of moonbeams on the rippling, dancing waves, decidedly pretty, expressive and volatile." Whew! Miss Western continues the attraction this week.

GLENN, with his company, at Gettysville Theatre, Virginia, did good business; on the 6th, he turned away hundreds; the performance consisted of "John Schmitt," Glenn as the Persecuted Dutchman, achieving the most uproarious acknowledgement of success; the "Conjugal Lesson," and "Sarah's Young Man." In the former, Miss Addie Anderson appeared as Mrs. Lullaby, Marston as Simon Lullaby, and as Sam Slovelcaf in the latter, with Miss Rose France as Sarah. The performance was a success throughout.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH, with his specialite, "The Seven Sisters," was to open at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on the 11th, McD. appearing as Mrs. Pluto.

KATE DENIN and Sam Ryan commence an engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 8th inst., and remain there two weeks. On the 5th of May they appear at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., thence to Nashville and Louisville.

THOMAS B. DE WALDEN, dramatist, has leased the Portland Theatre, and was to produce on Monday evening, April 11, and every evening until further notice, his sensation drama of "Pomp, or Cudjo's Cave," recently performed at the Howard, Boston. The company consists of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. J. P. Sutton, Harry Seymour (who enacts "Cudjo"), W. H. Otis, W. Hunter, T. C. Byrne, J. Nolan, H. F. Lampee, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Annie Spear, Mrs. D. R. Allen, Miss Congreve, &c. W. W. Pratt is the business manager.

W. W. PRATT has just finished a new Yankee comedy for George E. Locke, entitled "Cape Cod in California." It will be produced by Mr. Locke at Alexandria the present week.

HERMANN A. FISTLER, late property-man of the Variety Theatre, Chicago, is inquired for by George F. McDonald, in an advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

THE CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY, as performed on the tight rope by Marietta Ravel, is indeed a beautiful thing to witness, and the lady's performances in pantomime have been pleasing the people who have visited Manager Sinn's, National Theater, in Cincinnati, for some days past. She is said by the press of that city to be the most accomplished artiste that ever represented the graceful terpsichore on the tight rope there.

FORRESTER & DONNELLY'S Dramatic Ar[illegible] opened at Paterson, N. J., on the 4th inst. [illegible] Tom's Cabin" two nights, the "Octoroon" [illegible] "Ticket of Leave Man" on Thursday ni[illegible] horses, but there was a [illegible] the 7th the hall was about[illegible]

MAJ. MONROE'S STEREO[illegible] ON & CO., rolled at Paterson, N. J., on the 8th, to stay [illegible] CENTS.

THEATRICALS IN BROOK[illegible] ig April 9th, were far more flourishing than might have been expected, considering that the two Sanitary Fairs, past and present, were such a draw on the supply of spare greenbacks in the hands of the pleasure-seeking crowd of Brooklynites, and also that the weather was so unfavorable for leaving cozy parlors at home at nights.....The Conways at the Park Theatre managed to pay expenses during the week, and in consideration of the heavy tragedy business they brought out for their trump cards, they were lucky to achieve even this success. They changed their tactics somewhat before the week was out, and the result was better houses each time they did so. On Monday they played the Marble Heart, Tuesday the Willow Copse, Wednesday London Assurance—with a first appearance from the Dublin Theatre—Thursday Lucretia Borgia, Friday Ticket-of-leave Man was given afterwards, but it did not draw the crowd expected. At the benefit of the Florences on Saturday there was scarcely enough present to take the chill off the house, and it proved to be anything but a benefit.....On the 7th inst. Max Maretzek took his Opera troupe—or rather a portion of them—over to Brooklyn, expecting to draw a good house with Miss Harris, Brignoli and Bellini as the attractions, and that too with the stale opera of Lucia. The Brooklynites didn't see it, and Max returned to the city out of pocket.

THE FOLLOWING ladies and gentlemen have been secured, we are informed, by Manager Willard, for the Howard, Boston, next season: Messrs. H. A. Langdon, E. W. Gomersal, E. W. Beattie, C. L. Farwell, F. C. Howard, W. H. Collings, J. H. Rogers (artist), W. P. Prescott (machinist), J. L. Laphore (prompter), N. D. Jones, T. H. Conner; Mesdames Langdon, Rogers, Collings, Gomersal, Farwell; Misses Louise Anderson and Mollie Newton.

RUMOR says that Effie Germon is to fill Miss Josephine Orton's position as chambermaid at the Boston Museum next season.

EFFIE HENDERSON, having brought her Nashville engagement to a successful termination, is at the Howard, Boston, this week, opening there on the 11th inst. in "Kathleen Mavourneen."

VESTVALI has been re-engaged for six nights longer, and continues the star this week at the Boston Theatre.

"THE FAIR ONE with the Golden Locks" proved a success last week at the Tremont, Boston. On the 11th a new comic drama entitled "The Gentleman in Black," was to be produced, and on the 13th "A Bull in a China Shop" is brought out.

THE AMERICAN Equestrian Dramatic Company—H. B. Gates' mare Black Bess, with O. B. Collins and *La Belle Oceana*—commence a two week's engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N.Y., on the 11th, under favorable (*hoss pieces*) auspices. "Mazeppa" is the first piece on. Laura Keene's Troupe who are to make a tour through New York as far as Buffalo, follow the Gates party.

THE REGULAR season closed at the Rochester Theatre, on the 2d inst. J. R. Fisher and Simcoe Lee go to Buffalo; Thos. A'Becket goes to Chicago; J. E. Irving to New York; E. A. Locke, Isabella Howitt, Miss C. M. Burke and Miss Rebecca Adams to Detroit. An amusing incident occurred a few days since in connection with the two latter actresses. While en route to Toronto, to play a week with Manager J. H. Meech, they passed on, neglecting to "see" the Custom House officer in regard to their baggage, which was detained. They reached Toronto, but no baggage came. Fortunately, Conductor Teuch, on the Great Western Railroad, who appreciates the theatrical profession, kindly assisted them to find it, and sent them on rejoicing.

J. WILKES BOOTH remained at the St. Charles, New Orleans, at last accounts. "Laertes," writing on April 1, says:—In consequence of a severe cold from which he had been suffering for some time, Mr. Booth was obliged to take a short respite on the 26th ult. He has entirely recovered from his indisposition, and reappeared on the 28th as Damon. On the 29th he appeared as Raphael, in the "Marble Heart," in which he created a very favorable impression. He brings his engagement here to a close on the 3d inst, appearing as Richard III.....Matilda Heron follows him, opening on the 4th.....At the Varieties, benefits continue to be the order of the day. On the 30th ult. Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker was the recipient of a grand complimentary benefit, tendered to her by a host of prominent citizens, headed by Governor Hahn. On this occasion, the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" was produced, in which a young lady of this city made her first appearance on any stage as "Effie Dean," admirably sustaining her *role*, and achieving a decided success. At the end of the play Mrs. Baker and the *debutante* were called before the curtain, and nearly smothered with boquets, wreaths, &c. On being called upon for a speech, Mrs. Baker, in a few appropriate remarks, returned her thanks to her friends and the public generally, for the many marks of approbation which she has received from them during the last two seasons in which she has appeared in this city. In expressing her intention of soon retiring from the stage, she introduced the *debutante*, predicting that the day is not far distant when this, her native city will be proud of her. The "Duke's Motto" is still drawing crowded houses, and well it may, for in the manner in which it is produced at this theatre, it really is worth going to see.

MRS. GLADSTANE remains the star this week at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Business with this lady last week at this establishment is reported as having been good. "Lady Audley's Secret" was brought out on the 4th, and was played throughout the week.

KATE FISHER is the star this week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

R. E. J. MILES is the next star at Pike's, Cincinnati, opening there on the 18th inst.

JOHN E. OWENS is the attraction this week at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

A YOUNG LADY named Margaret Heeney, formerly employed at the Academy of Music, Albany, as a ballet girl, was accidentally shot, on the 6th inst. at the Eagle Street Hotel, in that city. The ball entered her breast, just above the heart. The unfortunate girl was alive at last accounts.

MR. CHARLES WILKINSON, comedian, who has for some time been acting as agent for Mrs. Gladstane, has resigned his position, and accepted an offer from Manager Henderson, of Pittsburgh, and will make his first appearance in that city at an early day. We bespeak a hearty reception for the New England comedian at the hands of the people of Pittsburgh.

NEW HARMONY, Ind., is pronounced the "rummiest" of